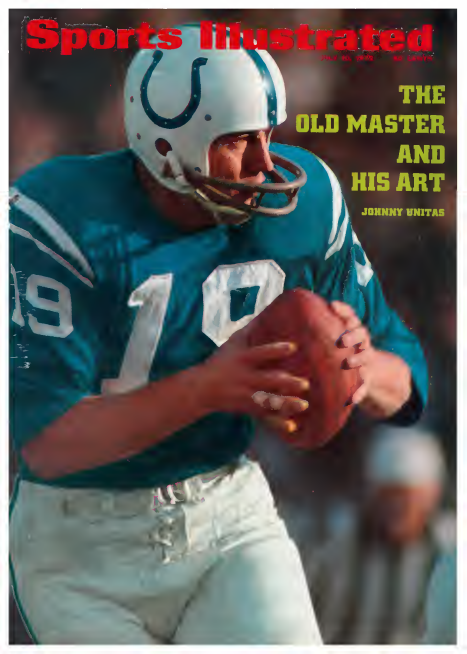


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JOHNNY UNITAS

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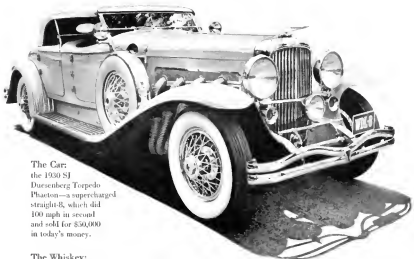
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## Next week

THE ROAD TO MUNICH is paved with good intentions, most of which will be settled at the Olympic track and field trials—in Oregon for the men and Maryland for the women.

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE a Wimbledon, and even without the contract pros, who are excluded, it is still a scintillating tennis show. Curry Kirkpatrick reports on the final week.

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# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREMER

## OF RAIN AND SPEED

Once he gets used to roaring around at pretty close to 200 mph, there is nothing a race driver hates worse than standing still. Well, maybe one thing: standing around in the rain is worse. There was a great deal of that sort of thing leading up to the Schaefer 500 at Pocono, Pa., the \$400,000 Indy-type race billed as "the Eastern jewel in auto racing's Triple Crown." The affair was canceled at the 11th hour and the principals assumed various attitudes of outrage.

The drivers were outraged because the track locked them out without notice after they had spent almost two wet weeks waiting to roll. The United States Auto Club was outraged because it figured the show must go on, and it threatened to make Pocono forfeit the \$275,000 it had posted with the USAC. The track was outraged that everybody should adopt such an attitude.

The situation came about because of tropical storm Agnes. With flood relief work still slogging along, Pennsylvania Governor Milton J. Shapp asked the track to postpone the race so that all available manpower could be devoted to the cleanup. He implied he did not think much of 100,000 race fans enjoying themselves while many Pennsylvanians were homeless or destitute.

The USAC pondered giving the track another race date sometime this summer. Pocono was reluctant to reimburse the drivers for lost time or distribute the prize fund, although officials did indicate they might do something about the \$1,000 entry fees. As for racing news, if that is any comfort, during the brief practice spells between rainstorms, Bobby Unser hit 188.442 mph to be wet Pocono's fastest racer—er, nonracer.

## THE DELUGE AND AFTER

First reports out of the Northeast after the floods raised fears that fish populations had been devastated; deep fishing holes were filled in with silt, gravel banks necessary to spawning were

washed away and mature fish were stranded and dying in pockets of water far from their native streams and ponds. One conservation official was quoted as saying, "We're faced with the worst natural catastrophe since the Ice Age."

A more measured response after the waters had subsided indicated that while the flooding would have a decidedly adverse effect on fishing, the situation was not catastrophic. The biggest loss is in the hatching of young fish, with this year's crop ravaged by the overhelming flow of water. Nearly all fish that would have hatched in 1972 will be lost. But, otherwise, there is optimism. Fish displaced from one fishing area are finding homes in another. Fishing holes that silted in are yielding to new holes gouged out by the flood. The gravel needed for spawning is resettling in other locales.

In sum, fishing will be bad or, at best, uncertain for a season or two, but it will return to normal.

## NOSTALGIA RICK

*Facts, Figures & Film*, a newsletter for TV executives, reports that servicemen watching Armed Forces Network television prefer boxing films to all other packaged sports programs, including football, big-league baseball and pro basketball. Name fighters of the past like Jack Dempsey, Joe Louis, Sugar Ray Robinson and Rocky Marciano are particular favorites, even though most had ended their careers before the bulk of the Armed Forces viewers were born. That says something for boxing's continuing appeal as a spectator sport.

## HIGH COST OF WINNING

Jerry Stovall, former St. Louis Cardinal defensive back, told his medical history to a high school association convention in Miami: "I have had a broken nose, a fractured right cheekbone, five lost teeth and a broken right clavicle. I have had a ripped sternum, seven broken ribs and a calcium deposit in my right arm that keeps me from straightening it. I

have had 11 broken fingers. I'm not too smart but I know I've broken one finger twice. I broke my right big toe three times." A bad knee finally forced him to retire.

Withal, Stovall misses football. "You can't explain that deep gut feeling an athlete has when he wins because he knows he paid the price," he said.

## WHO'S ON FIRST?

ABC-TV was proud of its coverage of the U.S. Open at Pebble Beach, which included 5½ hours of air time and cameras covering 13 of the 18 holes. Never mind the fragmented effect (the picture jumped from hole to hole and player to player so often it was like watching home movies) or the continuing banality of the commentary (Henry Longhurst and Dave Marr excepted). The overall impact was fine, and ABC, with the British Open, the PGA, the U.S. Amateur and a couple of other tournaments



ahead, has the golf-TV picture pretty well wrapped up for the rest of the year.

Except, that is, for one event that might be the hardest of all to televise and the most fun to watch. It is the astonishing tournament coming up in August called The \$250,000 Liggett & Myers Open and U.S. Professional Match Play Championship. CBS-TV has this one, and the network is billing it as golf's first doubleheader, which it is, since two separate tournaments will be in progress

simultaneously during the final two days.

It works like this: the L&M Open begins on Thursday, like a tournament should, and goes Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Four rounds, low score the winner. Except that after Friday's round, the eight leaders must drop out of the stroke play event and move into the Match Play, joining eight others who will have qualified automatically by winning major championships or by their standings at the top of the money list. The fellow who lagged along in ninth place in the L&M on Friday suddenly finds himself the leader on the scoreboard when play in that part of the extravaganza resumes on Saturday.

At stake in the Match Play is a dandy winner's purse of \$40,000. The medal tournament champ will net a mere \$20,000. The format may sound complicated, but the result is a huge plus for golf fans, since they will get to see, on television, the top pros in head-to-head match-play competition for the first time in years and years.

All CBS has to do is show both competitions simultaneously and make everything crystal clear to its viewers. It's a gamble, but then CBS gambled on Archie Bunker and won. Maybe they ought to let Archie describe the action as it unfolds in all those funny directions.

#### LADIES' DAYS

Perhaps the planets have been in the wrong houses for women in sports. Two of them struck out recently—Bernice Gera, ex-baseball umpire, and Lee Arthur, ex-sportscaster. An alumna—in fact, the only alumna—of the Florida Baseball Umpires School, Mrs. Gera struggled five years before the New York State Court of Appeals finally ruled her eligible to umpire in professional baseball. Then she quit immediately after working her first pro game in Geneva, N.Y., having made her point and one mistake (she had to reverse her decision on a call at second base). She also had one argument and threw one manager out of the game.

Miss Arthur managed to hold on to her job with CBS-TV for a couple of months before being fired for mixing up leagues in giving baseball scores. Her style combined equal parts charm and chaos, with much confusion over whether the Boston team was the Red Sox or the Cubs. "I didn't know which doubleheader I was on," confessed the young

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## SCORECARD

lady. "Howard Cosell used to tell me, 'Lee, you're the Barbara Walters of sportscasting.' Well, it was a long shot. Jimmy the Greek gave me \$0 to 1 after he'd seen me. He said I had energy."

What next? First of all, Mrs. Gera is taking Miss Arthur to a ball game to explain the finer points. Then Lee is going to write a book about how a woman can earn a living in sport, and Bernice, also heavy with book, hopes to go on tour with Joe DiMaggio.

### RECRUITING I

Recruiting—by professional leagues, not colleges—has come under attack from Chancellor Maurice B. Mitchell of the University of Denver. Mitchell called the pros slave traders and sardonically suggested that colleges open vocational schools for athletes. He said professional teams must be playing for incredibly high stakes in view of the money they were willing to spend to pluck talented athletes from college campuses. The lower, he said, is the school.

"The university is training the athlete at a dead loss," he argued, "giving him free tuition and free everything, even giving him a few bucks on the side for pin money, and for what? So he can be all trained for some greedy, grasping professional who hires him and doesn't even thank you for doing the dirty work."

If Chancellor Mitchell feels his university is training athletes at a "dead loss," the solution seems obvious: stop the "free tuition and free everything." Meanwhile, one he will be training no longer is Tom Peluso, Denver's All-America sophomore hockey player. Peluso signed a contract last week to play for the Chicago Black Hawks.

### RECRUITING II

Another recruiting battle this spring revolved around the head of 18-year-old Jame Quirk of Whittier, Calif. The 6'4", 190-pound quarterback made most high school All-America teams last fall and was named California's high school football player of the year. He was courted by schools on the Pacific Eight, the Big Eight, the Big Ten and the South-west Conference, but Notre Dame had the inside track. However, the real recruiting fight was not between Notre Dame and other colleges, nor was it solely concerned with Quirk as a quarterback. The youngster is also a superior

baseball player, and in June the Kansas City Royals drafted him. "He has all the tools you'd look for in a major league shortstop," said Lou Gorman, the Kansas City farm director. "Baseball cannot afford to keep losing this kind of boy to football. If he goes to Notre Dame, he'll end up in pro football. Baseball has to uphold its prestige by signing this sort of boy."

So it was Notre Dame vs. Kansas City, college football vs. Organized Baseball. Notre Dame supposedly told Quirk he might well be starting quarterback as a sophomore and that the Heisman Trophy was a possibility. Kansas City countered by stressing the financial advantages of a baseball bonus and contract and the security of baseball's lavish pension plan. The Royals also said they would pay for Quirk's college education during the off-season.

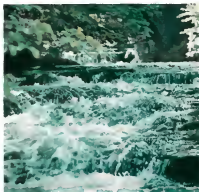
Quirk, who has said, "I've gained more prestige from football than baseball," originally intended to delay his decision until after he had played in a high school football all-star game in California later this month. But last weekend he made up his mind. It was Kansas City over Notre Dame. Baseball won one at last.

### THEY SAID IT

- Tom Barleson, U.S. Olympic basketball player listed as 7' 4", asked why he measured only 7' 2 3/4" barefoot: "I am 7' 4" with my shoes on, and I always play with my shoes on."
- Bill Munkey, hydroplane pilot. "Really, we're all little kids, still looking for our parents' approval. I am 43, and the first thing I do after winning a hydroplane race is call my parents to tell them."
- Haywood Sullivan, Boston Red Sox personnel director, on managerial and coaching differences in the majors and the minors: "On the big-league club we have a manager and four coaches. On the lowest farms we have just one manager. Where we have the most need for teachers, we have the fewest, and where we need the fewest teachers, we have the most. This will have to change."
- Charlie Fox, San Francisco Giant manager, on why he saluted to Giant Pitcher Ron Bryant after the latter had shut out the Chicago Cubs: "He complained that I didn't shake his hand after he won a game. So I told him if it would help, I'd get down on my knees and bow three times."

END

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# AGONY AND ECSTASY

*In a tumultuous week for boxing, a smashing young lightweight creates pandemonium among Panamanians and the ghost of Muhammad Ali appears to announce with ringing fists that next time Joe Frazier had better be ready to duck*

Never look to the lightweight division for stability, for a single continuity of reign, but count on it for verve, for its vast canvas of styles and—just when you begin to look away from it—that sudden transfusion of a new face. The latest: Roberto Duran. His face: as smooth as the handle of a rare Malacca cane. His style: so rowdy that the ghost of Joe Frazier must be desperate for a medium.

But not even the old master, classicist though he was, would deny what is the whole, stark essence of the ring: the ability to hit. Duran, of Panama, knows nothing else; Ken Buchanan, of Scotland, knows much more, very little of

which he had an opportunity to display last week in Madison Square Garden, where Duran used all but his teeth to rip the lightweight title from the champion. He left Buchanan at the end bent and holding his groin, a broken bird wasted by a violent storm.

Except for a strong Panamanian delegation, few among the crowd of 18,821 that paid a record \$223,901 for an indoor lightweight fight could find much of a peg on which to hang real hope for Duran. He seemed able to punch, with 24 knockouts in his 28 previous fights, but that was the extent of intelligence on him, hardly enough to cause bettors to ignore

the cool craft of Buchanan, who had become a Garden favorite and was making his third defense of his title.

As he is in the ring, the Scot was unruffled before the fight, even though the usual bombast and threats trickled back to his camp. Aside from saying that he thought certain remarks by Duran lacked taste and he not properly respectful, he was a model of reserve. "I love the title," Buchanan said, sipping tea the afternoon prior to the fight. "I will not part with it easily; certainly it will not be taken from me by words."

The words by Duran predictably aroused his Latin legion, but one had to wonder from what depth of Duran's emotions they had surfaced. Many fighters, no matter what their lineage, are inclined to spit invective, to declaim about their manhood. Most of the time it is wise to dismiss the facade and try—if one ever can—to cut to the raw ganglia of a fighter's character. So the question about Duran was this: how much of him was snarl and snap, how much was only posture?

It is doubtful that Buchanan was at all psyched, but it became intensely clear that Duran had his ear to the music of the moment, that something was swelling within him more than just hard resolution. As he moved from corner to corner of his dressing room on fight night, his face drawing as tight as a hide drying in the sun, his eyes like those of a small animal waiting for a sound, who could not feel a force in the room, could not hear the clank of deadly armor in the air?

"War on June 26," he said in Spanish, repeating once more what he had said so often while in camp.

"That's now!" a friend told him.

"So we go to war," Duran smiled. Crossing himself, he left for the ring.

War is too remote a word to describe this night, too imprecise for what Duran did to Buchanan. Call it pure assault with intent to maim and disfigure. There is an old Scottish maxim: "If at

Snarling Duran expounds his theory that many rights can do no wrong, except to Buchanan.





first you don't succeed, first try the knee ... then the head." But it was Duran who used every part of his anatomy, everything but his knee, and he would be accused of that breach of etiquette, too. "I have never seen such a referee," Buchanan said later. "He don't give no protection at all."

Protection is the tradition in the English ring, where there is a clean line to style and penalties for fouls are severe. This preference places far too much import on defense and renders many of the English fighters rigid in the face of improvisation and—as was the case with Duran—wild attack. None of this concern with the niceties infects the grim, fetid gyms of Panama City that lure hundreds of embryo Durans out of stifling tin-roofed shelters. In such surroundings nobody talks about protection.

The complaint by the Scot provokes no credibility or sympathy. The fact is that he was never in this fight, and he dropped his title as if it were a sack of dynamite. Generously, he won two rounds and drew another. Beyond that, it was all Duran as he bared the white of his mouthpiece, not to suck in breath but out of disdain, and chased the Scot into the ropes, a part of the ring's geography that is evil country for a boxer beset by a puncher.

That the Scot looked for the ropes far too readily is only one of the reasons why he is not the champion of the world anymore. His jab—the primary weapon against a free-form fighter like Duran—was not crisp, nor hardly of nuisance value. Duran stayed atop him constantly, whacking him with volumes of right hands. The rights often came from far away, just the kind to be discouraged by quick left hooks, but Buchanan's feet were as slow as his hands; he seemed

continued



Two views of the immediate aftermath of the little-seen low blow find Duran restrained—somewhat—by the referee and Buchanan sinking in anguish against the ropes before collapsing.



to be forever stepping into punches. More likely, the punches were there waiting, wherever he stepped.

The eventual claim of foul should not confuse or dwarf the dimensions of Duran's victory. The incident occurred at the end of the 13th round as Buchanan flurried slightly after the bell. Duran responded to the body, his last punch a low-swinging right, and suddenly the Scot was down on his knees. The referee—Johnny LoBianco—stopped the fight. The Scot's cornermen shouted that it was a knee or a low punch that felled Buchanan; they could not seem to make up their minds. It did not matter, for the issue of Buchanan vs. Duran had long been resolved.

Later in the week, slow-motion re-

plays of the television film seemed to convince LoBianco that the Scot was hit below the belt.

"It's a shame," said Carlos Eleta, the new champion's aggrieved manager. "There will be a rematch now. In November."

"Tomorrow," Duran said quietly, waving a small Panamanian flag.

—MARK KRANE

One night later the scene shifted from New York to the neon squalor of Las Vegas, where The Soul Brothers, Muhammad Ali and Bob Foster, were booked against The Brothers Quarry. Except at the casinos, no low blows were struck: Ali and Foster destroyed Jerry and Mike from the chin up.

Worried Foster stands by as handlers work over Mike Quarry, staring sightlessly into space.



Before his fight with Ali, Jerry Quarry said, "If Mike could punch as good as me or I could box as good as him, we'd be a hell of a fighter."

Maybe. But even a combination Quarry would have been thumped by the Ali who toyed with the lone Jerry most of this night. When Ali finally went to work in earnest in the sixth round, it was plain for all to see that the old Ali was back, perhaps not better than ever, but so close to the real thing as to be indistinguishable.

He belabored Jerry into virtual insensibility 19 seconds after round seven began, thus completing the annihilation of the Quarrys. Half an hour earlier a Foster left hook caught Mike ducking the wrong way just as the bell rang to end the fourth round of their light-heavyweight championship fight. No single punch Ali threw was as hard as that hook, which left the younger Quarry on his back with his eyes open, staring sightlessly at the lights over the ring. Foster, who interrupted his triumphant jig around the ropes long enough to contemplate for a worried 30 seconds the destruction he had wrought, interrupted post-fight festivities to announce that he would like to fight Ali. That is a questionable ambition. Foster tried Joe Frazier once for size and, fighting from a hedge of apprehension, was destroyed. Ali could be just as destructive. As a light heavyweight, Bob Foster is supreme. As a light heavyweight. . .

Ali, even in peak condition as he was last week, and as sleek and supple as a seal, is still a big heavyweight. He weighed 216½ pounds, which must be just right for him. His face was clear and he disregarded Quarry's ominous glare as the two of them listened to the instructions of Referee Mike Kaplan.

After the bell rang he was busy at once. Quarry charged across the ring in a crouch, threw a wild right at Ali's belly, missed and picked Ali up on his shoulders, where the champion rested somewhat bemused until he caught the eye of Kaplan, who obligingly asked Quarry to please put Ali down.

For the rest of that round and the next four, Ali toyed with Quarry, a heavyweight sometimes ranked as the third or fourth best in the world. By the end of the second round, Ali realized how thoroughly he was dominating the fight and he threw in a few Ali shuffles to entertain the customers. Lat-



The boxing Ali, like on his feet and lean in the gut, steps one of a hundred lefts that showed Jerry Quarry all's right with Muhammad again.

er he leaned back in a corner and motioned Quarry to come to him. When Quarry came, Ali beat a rapid tattoo on his face with beautiful combinations.

At the end of the fourth, sitting relaxed in his corner, neither sweating nor breathing hard, Ali leaned toward the press row and said, behind his glove, "Ain't this a easy way to make a livin'?"

In the fifth round Ali began to step up his attack. He was not floating like a butterfly now. He was fighting almost flat-footed, depending on hand speed and his ability to move his head out of danger. He was so fast that Quarry, basically a counterpuncher, was five punches behind, off-balance and unable to counter.

The punishment became severe in the sixth round and in the seventh Ali wasted no time putting an end to the mismatch. At the bell he glided quickly across the ring, caught Quarry in his corner, bounced his head with a vicious series of left jabs, then hit him twice, very hard, with lifting right uppercuts that left Quarry sagging along the ropes. Ali

looked over to Referee Kaplan and motioned him to check Quarry. Kaplan wisely stopped the fight. "I didn't want to kill nobody," Ali said afterwards.

As Ali left the ring, he began his preparation for another big gale. Taunted by George Foreman, the 1968 Olympic champion who is undefeated in 36 more or less professional fights, Ali went into his old routine of pretending to want to settle the matter then and there. Few punches were launched, none landed. Ali probably will fight Foreman eventually, on his way to a return match with Joe Frazier, which is what the heavyweight division, despite the diversions, is really all about. But first, Ali meets his sometime sparring partner, Al (Blue) Lewis, in Dublin this month, possibly—heaven help us—Floyd Patterson after that and then maybe Foreman. All of these are *an-risqu!* leading to the Frazier entrée. Judging by the appetite for combat Ali showed against Quarry, he may take a real bite out of Frazier next time.

—TEX MAULE



The gabbing Ali, always in top condition, talks on.

# A SUDDEN STALEMATE IN REYKJAVIK

The world championship was plunged into check when Bobby Fischer decided that a better game was hide-and-seek by ROY BLOUNT JR.

The headline in *Vísir*, one of the beleaguered Icelandic tabloids, proclaimed HVENÆR KEMUR HINN DULARFULLI FISCHER? (When Cometh the Mysterious Fischer?). It was the local media's way of trying to cope, in a language that has taken a few strange things in its stride since the days of Eric the Red, with the enigma of Robert James Fischer, the unforthcoming American chess genius.

But even an uncorrupted and highly adaptive tongue like Icelandic is not up to the lunatic moves of this world's chess championship. While Boris Spassky came from Russia early and affable, the challenger kept failing to make his plane and sending cryptic word that he was not satisfied with this arrangement or that percentage. Each arriving flight at Iceland's Keflavik International Airport last week was met by the international press corps, which, Fischerless, could only spend its time trading rumors like bubble gum cards.

These included some substantial flights of fancy: Fischer was arriving by Air Force jet, by private jet, by Navy submarine and rubber dinghy. About the only conveyance not mentioned was his own hot-air balloon. It turned out by Sunday to be none of the above, and while press and chess pruned in Reykjavik, the eccentric U.S. champion bounced in and out of New York's Kennedy Airport, reporters and photographers in close pursuit. "They are preventing me from catching my flight," he complained at one point, before fleeing to the Queens, N.Y. home of a friend.

One possible explanation for Fischer's curious behavior—apart from the obvious ones of gamesmanship and profit—is a reported fear of physical harm. Last win-

ter, after the victory over Tigran Petrosian that put him into the championship, Fischer told a friend that the Russians had been trying to get at him psychologically for years. He added that while there had been no physical threat, "there might be now." It was an improbable conclusion, absurd even, but strange are the ways of genius. One thing was certain, Fischer had been staying out of sight for weeks.

Also out of Iceland. As of late last Sunday, when play was to begin, Iceland had no snakes, no frogs, no slugs, no trains, no armed forces, no illiteracy, almost no trees, no pollution and no Bobby Fischer—who says that in his own mind he is world champion already—was adamant that he would not play unless his demands for more money, a new referee and various other concessions to his imperious sensibilities were met. The Icelandic Chess Federation was hard put to negotiate those

points because no one there could claim, or figure out how, to speak for Fischer.

The patient Spassky, let down after training to a fine edge, agreed on Sunday to a two-day postponement requested at the last minute by Fischer, although the Russian could have claimed the first game by forfeit. But if Fischer continued to emulate Howard Hughes longer than that, he would presumably lose his chance for the world title.

A sudden arrival by Fischer would be apt for Iceland, for the country's history is full of uncommon visitations—pumice clouds, ashfalls, elves (as popular in Iceland as UFO sightings used to be in America) and brand-new volcanic islands arising in flames from the sea. Occasionally a volcano goes off under a glacier, causing a flood of ice water that sweeps whole farms, inhabitants and livestock into the sea.

Yet it may be that nothing has hit Iceland quite so hard as the nonarrival of "Problem Child" Fischer, as one paper called him. Reykjavik seemed from the outset to be an odd place for what might well be the greatest chess match of all time. But Icelanders are avid chess enthusiasts, especially in the winter months when there is little daylight. And even Fischer has conceded that in the summer, when the temperatures stay in the 40s and 50s, Iceland is "a nice place to visit." The country offers good meals of fresh fish

Champion Boris Spassky grinned at a news conference question upon arrival in Reykjavik.



and lamb, strange and beautiful terrain to drive or backpack or fish in, swimming pools warmed naturally by hot springs, and every Saturday in Reykjavik a time-honored tradition of whoopee.

On these occasions, great numbers of people eat, dance, fight, get drunk and pair off ebulliently in places like the Hotel Saga, where one American was approached out of the blue by a strange, attractive woman who asked him, "What are your intentions?" That seemed to relegate to second place Iceland's big question of last Saturday night: "What are Fischer's intentions?"

Fischer's strong preference for the match site had been Belgrade, which offered the highest purse, \$152,000. The Russians preferred Reykjavik, supposedly because the climate suited Spassky. Fischer claimed that the Russians wanted to find as isolated a place as possible for what Fischer foresaw as Spassky's certain defeat. Reykjavik offered a purse of \$125,000, a figure that measures Iceland's interest in chess, for it comes to about half a dollar a head for the whole population. Nor could Fischer sniff at it, since the purse is rather larger than the previous recent top chess prize—\$12,000 put up in Buenos Aires last October for the Fischer-Petrosian match. Indeed, Fischer was not snuffing at the total, of which the winner gets five-eighths, but for several months he has

been nosing out ways to augment it.

Through various Fischer-related channels, exclusive rights to movie and still photography of the match were assigned by the Icelandic Chess Federation to a little-known American film producer named Chester Fox. Cameramen hired by Fox were to do all authorized filming inside the Reykjavik indoor sports stadium and Fox was to market the resultant pictures and footage to the various media in advance. Income would be divided 30% each to Fischer and Spassky, 20% to the Icelandic Chess Federation and 20% to Fox. In addition, ABC paid \$67,500 for television rights.

But other magazines, newspapers and news agencies declined to meet Fox' prices. When the press arrived in Reykjavik for the match it was told that no cameras other than Fox' were to be allowed inside the auditorium, and that play-by-play news reports could only be dispatched three times per game—not frequently enough to allow immediate simulation of play around the world. Both foreign and local journalists were miffed over the restrictions and resolved to defy the rules.

Then, Fischer hit on a real money move. He made an outrageous demand for 30% of the gate, a steal that would not only break the Icelandic Chess Federation, but probably rattle every bank in Reykjavik.

Until late last week the only American in Iceland remotely qualified to declare Fischer's intentions was Fred Cramer, the U.S. zone's vice-president of the International Chess Federation, and he would not venture to predict what might happen next.

At one point he did describe himself as "Fischer's errand boy," and it was he who revealed that Fischer was demanding, among other things, that Lothar Schmid of West Germany, the chief referee, be replaced. The excuse was that Bobby did not want a top-level chess player in such a key spot. Fischer, said Cramer, felt Schmid had competitive ambitions and needed the goodwill of the Russians to ensure himself a pool of strong competition. But the possibility of a chess referee having any effect on a game is slight, and Schmid refused to step down.

With that resolved—maybe—Cramer and Schmid met to consider a few other hard questions. For instance, Fischer refuses to engage in any tournament activity during the Sabbath of the Church of God, from sundown Friday to sundown Saturday. But in Iceland in July the sun never entirely goes down. What to do? Cramer said what was needed—even though Fischer is not a practicing Jew—was a rabbi's judgment of the time of sundown. But another thing Iceland has none of is rabbis. And so it went.

It is hard to believe the trouble already caused by two men's preparations to sit—or not to sit—before a checkered board for hours on end, occasionally moving carved black and white figures in absolute silence through such defenses as the Poisoned Pawn Sicilian and attacks like the Ruy Lopez. But championship chess is a complex game, and world championship chess the most complex of all. The confrontation is fascinating. At this point Spassky is clearly ahead. His moves have been traditional, his demeanor impeccable, his patience laudable. Fischer has been greedy, arrogant and irrational. But Fischer is renowned for one thing—brilliant use of the unexpected. These matches may be already over. Or they may have hardly begun.

END

While the custom-made chess board—and the rest of Iceland—waited for baffling Bobby.



# JUST A GUY HAVING SOME FUN

*Miller Dave Wottle ran the 800 for a lark—and tied the world record as the Olympic Trials got under way*

by PAT PUTNAM

**T**he first thing Dave Wottle wanted to know about running 800 meters was, well, how exactly do you run such a short race. Now the mile, or the 1,500, is something else. The 21-year-old junior out of Bowling Green knows all about those distances. He just puts on a battered white golf cap, tucks in behind the leaders for about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  laps and then—zap! Certainly such last-lap heroics earned the NCAA 1,500 champion a favorite's role in that event at the 11-day Olympic Trials which got under way in Eugene, Ore. last week. Then Wottle decided, shoot, why not sneak in some speed work by running the 800. It would be more fun than a practice session.



It was suggested to Wottle that perhaps the hat wasn't doing a proper job of keeping the sun off his head. Any way you looked at it, Mark Witzmann and Juris Luzins were mortal enemies to get two of the three 800 berths. And then there was Jim Ryun, who happens to be the world-record holder (1:44.9) in the 800. "Aw," said Wottle, "I'm just getting myself ready for the 1,500. I'm no half-miler. I run stupid races. I don't have any idea what I'm doing. Heck, I wouldn't run the 800 at Munich even if I made it. I don't have the quarter speed to go with those guys in Europe. Can't a guy just have some fun?"

While Wottle was getting ready to have a hall, some other parties were having their own versions of good times—and bad. For one, the U.S. suddenly found itself with a bunch of 9.9 100-meter sprinters—and Charlie Greene, Mel Pender, Dr. Delano Meriwether, Herb Washington, Jim Green, Marshall Dill, Ivory Crockett and Willie McGee weren't among them. Moreover, Willie Deckard ran a wind-aided 9.9 in a semi and didn't make the final. He finished fifth behind Reynaud (Ray) Robinson, Norbert Puyton, Warren Edmonson and Eddie Hart, all of whom were also caught in 9.9.

A short time later, Hart, a graduate assistant at Berkeley, and Robinson, a junior at Florida A&M, matched their 9.9s in the final, this time with a legal wind, to tie the world record, Hart being adjudged first. Third place went to Robert Taylor of Texas Southern (10.0), with Kent State's Gerald Tinker (10.1) finishing fourth to earn a berth on the sprint relay team.

"I knew Robinson was the man," said Pender. "He makes two moves on you: at the start and then with 20 yards to go. When he gets out in front, nobody can catch him. Wait until [Valery] Borzov sees him."

Hart won't do much for the Russian's peace of mind either. A world-class sprinter, he virtually dropped out of sight after graduating from Cal last year. "I was training, but I wasn't competing," he explained. "I aimed everything at the trials. Then in the final I got off to a bad start and thought, 'Oh, oh.' But I regrouped, so to speak."

If anything can ever be predictable at an Olympic Trial, the discs and 20-kilo walk were. As expected, world-record holder Jay Silvester easily won the discus with a toss of 211' 2", with the other two places going to John Powell and Tim Vollmer. And, equally as expected, Larry Young romped in the walk (1:35:56.4), followed by Goetz Klopfer and Tom Dooley.

In the other Saturday final, John Craft, a 25-year-old physical-education teacher from Eastern Illinois University who would rather practice than compete, won the triple jump with a whopping, windy 56' 2", two inches farther than Dave Smith, who made his jump with an allowable breeze to set an American record. Art Walker, 30, like Smith a '68 Olympian, came in third with a leap of 55' 1".

But none of these exploits rivaled the 800. The first esteemed loser in that event was Witzmann, who finished fifth in the opening heat. Sidelined for two weeks by an Achilles injury and on crutches until just three days before his race, the former Wisconsin star ran a game first lap but faded badly. The second casualty was Luzins, who struggled through his heat with a badly bruised instep and died in Friday's semis. So America's hopes quickly shifted to Ryun, who apparently had conquered his hay fever as easily as he had the field in his heat and semis. His victories were sweetened when after each race he passed the examination of Dr. Jay Keystone, his personal allergist, who came in from Santa Barbara, Calif. to be with him during the trials.

"He feels great," said Bob Tammons, Ryun's coach. "But everybody keeps telling him how bad the pollen count is in Eugene. I wish they'd cut that out. It isn't bothering Jim, but I feelousy."

And so for Saturday night, there was a healthy, confident Ryun, plus Wottle, who had won his heat with his super kick but then ran a confused semi and needed all his late speed to finish third.

"I wish I knew what I was doing," Wottle said after the semi, his second speed workout. "I'm all mixed up. But maybe I can do something. If a mileer can make it to the final he has the advantage because he's stronger."

Ryun opened the final much the way he did his two heats—flying for the lead. He and Ken Swenson, formerly of Kansas State and now of the U.S. Army,

led for roughly 200 meters when Tom Fulton overtook them to turn the 400 in 52 flat. Wottle was bobbing along well in the pack.

"I knew I didn't know anything," he said later, "so I sort of hypnotized myself by watching Ryun's back. I figured whatever he did I'd do."

What Ryun did was to reassume the lead shortly before the 600 mark, running 200 meters in an eye-popping 24.8.

"Incredible," said Witzmann on the sidelines.

Although Ryun had started his kick much too early, Wottle, mesmerized, hustled off in mesmerized pursuit. Rick Wohlhuter of the University of Chicago Track Club took up the chase, with Swenson dropping to fourth. "It was like running to see a fire," Swenson said. "Everybody going like crazy. If I had known what the pace was, I'd never have finished."

Coming off the last turn, Wottle flew past Ryun, who now was struggling. Super Kick, who doesn't know how to run 800 meters, finished in 1:44.3, tying Peter Snell's and Ralph Doubell's world record. Wohlhuter pushed past Ryun for second (1:45), and Swenson surged and outlasted the exhausted Ryun at the wire for third (1:45.1). Ryun finished in 1:45.2, the second best time of his career, and made the team as an alternate.

"I can't be unhappy with that," Ryun said later. "I ran the best possible race I could: 110'. Look at those times. This has to be the greatest 800 race ever run. Four men under 1:45.3. Six under 1:45.5. You can say America has finally joined the 800 set. I'm proud of my time. And after running three fast races in three days and having no problems with my hay fever, well, I feel relieved. The pressure is off me for next week's 1,500."

Should Ryun want it, there is still a chance he could double at Munich. Even with a share of the world record, Wottle said he may skip the 800 if he does well in the 1,500.

"I'd like to see Ryun run in the 800," he said. Then he grinned. "Unless he beats me in the 1,500."

And if Wottle should decide to run the shorter race, who would his competition be? He shook his head and laughed. "Heck I don't know," he said. "I'm no half-miler. I don't know any of those people. I'm a mileer."

END

*Eddie Hart matched the world record in the 100 (9.9), Jay Silvester took the discus (211' 2") and Wottle didn't wobble, finishing in 1:44.3*

# WHERE AM I BATTING TODAY, SIR?

*Under Earl Weaver's magical/mystery system a player can be anywhere from No. 1 through 8—or out of the Orioles lineup. But it is new plumage that seems to be aiding the Birds more than manipulations* **by RON FIMRITE**



The thought of Earl Weaver preparing his daily Baltimore lineup card somehow suggests a medieval sorcerer riffling through the parchment pages of *The Book of Wonders*. Indeed, there seems to be more necromancy to this chore than science. Imagine Weaver sitting on a high stool, a conical cap crowning his florid vaudeville comic's face, his forefinger pressed down upon the magic words, his hoarse voice raised in incantation: "Retennmundus, Eichenbarrenan . . ."

Weaver would have it otherwise, of course. To those who suggest the Orioles are doing it with mirrors and magic, he protests that his team is somehow surviving in the race for the championship of the American League East through gritty pitching and *The Charts*. The numberless lineup changes he makes are founded purely in science, says he. The *Charts* tell him what should be done, and he does it. On one day last week, for example, they told Weaver that while his team's collective batting average was only .217—an unbelievable .217—he could field a lineup that would be hitting .350. The *Charts* show the Orioles' Weaver-era batting averages against any given pitcher. On this day it was Milwaukee's Ken Brett. So while Merv Retennmund may have been batting a mere .250 for the season, the Weaver papers showed he was a .400 hitter against Brett. And so on. The lineup that Weaver flung at Brett had a career average of .350 against him. Reassured by this data, Weaver was supremely confident before the game.

"The *Charts* give us an edge," he said, smiling. "The point is that certain guys hit certain pitchers better than other guys. It's not always on a lefty-righty basis, either, although it generally works

*Having consulted his Charts and delivered yet another lineup, Weaver strides onward.*



out that left-handed batters hit right-handed pitchers better and vice versa. We should score some runs out there tonight."

Weaver confronted the left-handed Brett with nine right-handed batters, but, in, they hit only 222 that night, not 350, and the Brewers won 6-4.

The next evening in Yankee Stadium, The Chariots told Weaver that Boog Powell, suffering a woeeful season-long slump, was a .309 hitter against New York left-hander Fritz Peterson. So, though Powell bats left and was hitting .162 at the moment, into the lineup he went. In four at bats Powell popped out to the catcher, flew out to center field, struck out and walked. Even so the Orioles won 4-0 behind Mike Cuellar's five-hit pitching.

One skeptical member of the Orioles' entourage views Weaver's method with contempt. "Why," he asked, "does he bother with all those numbers? Why doesn't he just come out and say the right-field line at Yankee Stadium is only 296 feet long and maybe even Powell could pop one up that far."

For a manager who has won three American League pennants in three full seasons on the job at Baltimore, Weaver has been exposed to uncommon criticism this year. His constant shuffling of the lineup is a source of particular irritation to veteran ballplayers who are accustomed to regular working hours. Second Baseman Dave Johnson complained, "Checking the lineup card any more is like looking for the prize in a box of Cracker Jack. Every day is a mystery. You get yourself up, and then you're set down. I don't think we can keep going like this."

Weaver is acutely aware of the semi-mutinous talk. "I know, I know," he said, exasperated. "They say that if they played every day, they'd be playing better. I say that if I played them every day, the way they're going they'd play us right into sixth place."

The shuffling about is most bewildering to anyone not attuned to The Chariots. In an eight-game stretch last week, for example, young Bobby Grich played first base and batted sixth, played shortstop as a late-inning substitute for Mark Belanger, then played second base and batted second, shortstop and batted second, first base and batted second, sec-

ond base and batted fifth, second base and batted second, and second base and batted third. Grich already has played all of the infield positions this season. He has been one of no fewer than four Oriole first basemen. The others are Terry Crowley, Don Baylor and the poor, punctured Powell.

Reitenmund has played all of the outfield positions and has been up and down the batting order like a stock-market quotation. In that same eight-game period he batted leadoff, third, seventh, sixth, leadoff, sixth and seventh twice in a row, for a change.

Only one Oriole has played in every game at the same position—the immutable third baseman, Brooks Robinson, and if Weaver were suddenly to transform Robinson into, say, a leftfielder or a bench warmer, one assumes that the heavens would part and a seniorian Voice would tell the manager exactly what he could do with those damned Chariots of his. ♠

In the meantime, Weaver manipulates The Chariots make him do it. And so does the team, for the truth is that the Orioles of this year are not the Orioles of the past three. The flawless defense has developed flaws and the once timely hitting is now too often too little, too late or not forthcoming.

At the week's end four former mainstays—Belanger, Powell, Andy Etchebarren and Elrod Hendricks—were hitting below .200. Hendricks, for that matter, was crowding .100. Don Buford was nearly 85 percentage points below his .290 average of a year ago and Johnson, a .282 hitter in 1971, was down 60 points. Even Reitenmund, who has been slowly gaining ground on his old self, was still about 50 points below his career average of .306.

"The statistics," Weaver complains, "show that the other clubs aren't making as many errors against us as they did in the past. Maybe we don't hit the ball hard enough for anybody to miss it."

The most discouraging Bird of all in the hard-hitting department has been Boog Powell. This once mighty slugger is not only a hundred points under his career average, he is also not hitting the long ball. After more than 60 games and 164 times at bat he has only four home runs.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN LACRO



Newcomers Bobby Grich (above) and Don Baylor have masked a power failure with hits.



Continued

Powell apparently has recovered from the wrist injury that hampered him last season, has dieted to a respectable, for him, 255 or so pounds and is now wearing glasses. But still he does not hit.

"There is nothing wrong with him physically," says Weaver. "But when a man is in a slump like this, there is something wrong. I don't know what it is and he doesn't either."

Only their customary superb pitching—all four starters, Jim Palmer, Cuellar, Dave McNally and Pat Dobson, have earned run averages under three—their new youngsters off the Rochester farm club and the relative feebleness of the other teams in their division have kept the Orioles aloft. With the exception of the Red Sox, the AL East clubs have the lowest team batting averages in the major leagues. Even the frail Texas Rangers outbit them. The Detroit Tigers, who are threatening to end Weaver's reign atop the heap, have not been hitting authoritatively enough to open a big lead over the Orioles. Their team batting average is .230.

In light of Oakland's continued success in the league's Western Division, the hosts of rival managers Weaver and Billy Martin of Detroit sound increasingly hollow. Martin has promised to

see to it that Weaver has good takers for the World Series, while Weaver has said that he will be procuring those accommodations himself, not Martin.

"For three years we were always on top, so there was no need for me to talk," Weaver says. "Martin came over to this division last year and I guess he felt he was the underdog, so he started talking. Now we're behind, so it's my turn to say a few words."

He has few kind words, however, for his own players, whom he has publicly chastised on occasion for their lackluster performances. Only his remarkable juniors have escaped his scorn. And with good reason, for Grich, Baylor, First Baseman-Outfielder Terry Crowley and Catcher Johnny Oates have come to the rescue of a team the superstars have left floundering.

"The young guys have carried us," says Reitenmund, graciously acknowledging the obvious.

"Those four are people I know will improve," says Weaver. "I'll go so far as to say that with them, we have the potential to be a better ball club than the one we had last year."

The youngsters have been the beneficiaries of Weaver's incessant tampering with the lineup, and they are properly grateful. "It's a great feeling to know that on any day you have a shot to play," says Crowley, a good-looking Irishman whose average is in the .270s. "We're as close to using 25 men as any first-place team can be—and I still consider us a first-place team. All of us know we have a future, so we don't sulk if we don't play. I'm only 25. I can wait my turn."

"I was shooting for 50 at bats this season," says the 26-year-old Oates, who has more at bats than that already and leads the team with a .281 average. "I am surprised."

So is Baylor, 23, who admits, "If anyone told me in spring training I'd be playing as a regular two weeks in a row, I'd have said they were crazy."

Baylor, tall and well-muscled, leads the team in home runs with seven and in stolen bases with nine. He and Grich, also 23, are of legitimate superstar potential, and with any other organization it is probable they would have been given a chance to shine at least a year sooner than in Baltimore.

At Rochester in 1970 Baylor hit 22

home runs, scored 127 runs and batted .327. He was named Minor League Player of the Year by *The Sporting News*. But there was no room for him in an Oriole outfield already overflowing with Frank Robinson, Buford, Reitenmund and Paul Blair, so he was farmed out again to Rochester.

"I was disappointed," he says. "I didn't think there was much more for me to prove."

Nevertheless he swallowed his shrunken pride and hit 20 home runs, scored 104 runs and batted .313 for Rochester last year. There was no sending him down again.

Grich endured a similar indignity. He was hitting .383 after 63 games with Rochester in 1970 when the Orioles called him up as infield insurance. He fully expected to remain on the roster for the 1971 season, but the Oriole infield of Robinson, Belanger, Johnson and Powell was impenetrable and he, too, was returned to the minors for additional, if unnecessary, seasoning.

"It was frustrating at the time," he can say now. "But in a way, maybe it was a good thing. I knew I had to have a super year at Rochester, so I pushed myself that much harder."

Grich had his super year, all right. He led the International League in batting (.336), home runs (32) and total bases (299). Like Baylor before him, he was named Minor League Player of the Year.

Baylor, black, and Grich, white, are roommates on the road and close friends. They have been together regularly since they signed with the Orioles in 1967, but despite the similarity in their records there is little personal rivalry between them. "We don't compete," says Baylor. "We help each other."

Since they can both hit and can play nearly every position on the field as well, they are obviously invaluable to this year's Orioles. Along with Crowley and Oates, they offer Weaver the maneuverability he seems to require.

"Our attack," says Andy Etchebarren, "has been a couple of walks and a hit batter. Take those four kids out and we'd be hitting under .200."

One player the Orioles have done without is Frank Robinson, and Weaver is forever being asked to speculate on how different the season would be if, The Chats or no, he could write

continued

Boog, plucked Oriole with a feathered bat.





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## DISTANCE

| Category                   | Top-Flite<br>Avg.<br>Yards | Leading Competitive Balls Tested<br>Average Yards |       |       |       |       |       |       | Avg.<br>Yards<br>for all<br>balls<br>tested |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|---------------------------------------------|
|                            |                            | A                                                 | B     | C     | D     | E     | F     | G     |                                             |
| Woods<br>Carry             | 238.8                      | 224.7                                             | 217.0 | 227.2 | 221.4 | 225.1 | 227.1 | 229.4 | 224.7                                       |
| Woods<br>Total<br>Distance | 245.6                      | 244.1                                             | 239.9 | 249.7 | 242.4 | 235.7 | 248.7 | 251.2 | 246.5                                       |
| Irons<br>Carry             | 179.4                      | 178.3                                             | 169.6 | 172.8 | 167.6 | 163.5 | 171.7 | 170.8 | 176.6                                       |
| Irons<br>Total<br>Distance | 184.2                      | 179.8                                             | 179.2 | 182.4 | 177.5 | 173.7 | 180.6 | 178.6 | 180.7                                       |

Results from the Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute, Inc.  
Distance test conducted Jan. 18, 19, 20, 1972, Tucson, Arizona

## DURABILITY

| Average Number of Hits Until Ball Considered Unplayable |                                  |       |      |      |      |      |       |
|---------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|-------|------|------|------|------|-------|
| Top-Flite                                               | Leading Competitive Balls Tested |       |      |      |      |      |       |
|                                                         | A                                | B     | C    | D    | E    | F    | G     |
| 569.3                                                   | 52.8                             | 378.6 | 42.8 | 45.1 | 80.2 | 51.6 | 143.4 |

Results from the Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute, Inc.  
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# SPALDING

QUESTOR

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A full-page photograph of a cowboy riding a horse through a desert landscape. The cowboy is wearing a light-colored cowboy hat, a dark long-sleeved shirt, and a tan vest. He is looking off to the side with a slight smile, and a cigarette is in his mouth. The horse is a light brown color and is galloping through the brush. The background is a vast, arid desert with rolling hills under a hazy sky.

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that lost luminary's name in the lineup.

"I don't know if we'd be farther ahead or not," he says. "The way things are going, I'd probably have to use him at first base but, look, Crowley and Baylor, who have been playing there, have 11 home runs between them. Sure, Frank is a good ball player, but if Bong and Johnson were doing what they're supposed to do and Rettenmund was hitting his .320 we'd be out in front anyway. In years gone by I wouldn't trade Frank because I didn't know if we could win without him. I thought we could this year. It all balances out. If we win, we made a good trade. If we don't we didn't."

Doyle Alexander, the 21-year-old pitcher the Orioles received from the Dodgers in the Robinson deal, has been effective in relief and he is the only other pitcher on the staff who has started a game besides the Big Four. His ERA, too, is under three.

If the hitting fumble continues, the Orioles will need all the pitching they can muster. On days when the pitching is not faint and tough, they can expect to lose. After Cuellar's five-hitter against the Yankees last week, Jim Palmer, who had won eight straight, lasted only an inning and a third and New York won 4-3. "Isn't it amazing," said Manager Ralph Houk. "One guy throws all that junk up there that you figure anyone could hit—and kills us. Next thing you know here comes this guy with lightning, and we get him for five solid hits in less than two innings." Crowley scored twice and Girch hit a solo home run for the Oriole scores and Baylor had a pinch-hit single, so at least youth was served. There was speculation as to why Weaver started the slump-ridden Hendricks as catcher instead of Oates, who is also a left-handed batter and who has a batting average 175 points higher. Was there something in The Charts? Or was Wizard Weaver prophesying a Hendricks surge of power?

Weaver, half naked in his dressing room, looked up from his postgame can of beer and shook his head like a damp spaniel.

"Nobody's been able to explain The Charts yet," he said. "I can't even explain them to you. Just say this is something that has helped us win three championships in a row. O.K.?"

O.K.

END

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# IT'S NOT ONLY HOW TO, IT'S WHO TO AND WHEN

by **JOHNNY UNITAS**  
with **GWILYM S. BROWN**

On the eve of his 17th season, the alltime All-Pro quarterback of the Baltimore Colts describes the simple art of passing and the more exacting science of figuring out the defenses

The most valuable thing I can say about playing quarterback and passing a football is that these acts involve no deep, dark mysteries. The whole art, if I may call it that, is based on a few simple elements. The hard part comes when the quarterback must start making decisions: who to throw to, when to throw and why, how to read defenses. But even here, once certain principles are understood, the complexities unravel and the job becomes straightforward. Naturally, no two quarterbacks do everything alike—we all have our trademarks—but we pretty much stick to the same set of fundamentals. What follows is a step-by-step analysis of how I go about the art of playing quarterback.

## THE STANCE

A quarterback should not give away the play by the way he takes his stance. It must be the same every time. Therefore, he should set himself in a position from which he can instantly move in any direction—to spot and hand off, to drop back to pass, to sprint out right or left, and so forth. This requires a well-balanced stance from which he can get started without taking any waste steps. When I stand up behind the center my feet are parallel to one another and at right angles to the line of scrimmage, and most of my weight is evenly distributed on the balls of my feet. My knees are only slightly flexed. A quarterback should always remain as upright as possible so that his view of the defensive secondary is not obscured by the defensive line. My shoulders and head face squarely forward.

My hands are placed under the center's crotch, the back of my right wrist pressed firmly against his butt. The exact placement of the hands is a matter of experimentation and depends on the size of the center. The smaller he is the lower the hands will have to be placed. The two hands should touch at the inside of each wrist, the palm of the right hand facing the ground, the palm of the left hand facing forward. We call the left hand the stopper hand, because if the center shoves the ball too far back

the left hand is there to control it and keep it from popping loose. My hands are always relaxed, the fingers well spread. You can't take a snap with tense, tightly cupped hands.

## THE SNAP

When the quarterback receives the snap his hands should be in exactly the same position on the ball as they will be later when he sets up to pass. There should be no rolling the ball around to get the correct grip. My center gives the ball a quarter turn as he snaps it back so that only the last two fingers of my right hand fall across the laces. Meanwhile, my left hand will grip the ball almost directly opposite the right, only down a little, behind the fat part of the ball. An important thing to keep in mind is that the center will often be moving forward to block as he snaps. In such instances it is vital that the hands follow him up and out so that the snap does not come up short and squirt free. When the snap is correctly executed it will hit the quarterback's hands with a loud, snatching "pop." When no popping noise is heard, it usually means that something is a little off.

The quarterback's feet should be parallel to one another for the snap and his hands in the same position on the ball (inset) as when setting up to pass.

CONTINUED









SEVEN YARDS IN 1.5 SECONDS

Dropping back is vitally important because it sets everything else up. The quarterback must not only get back very quickly, he must also read the defenses and pick his receiver while doing it. I drop back sideways, rather than backpedaling, and I always keep my eyes on the defensive secondary (dotted arrows). Once I've taken the snap I pull the ball in toward my belt and up to shoulder level, all in one smooth motion as I start moving away from the line of scrimmage.

I reach back with my right foot as far as I can (red arrow) and then scissor the left leg over across the right (yellow arrow). The last couple of steps are made with a sideways, hopping motion. My goal is to finally set up to pass at a point seven yards behind the line, and I want to be there in just under 1.5 seconds. By then I should know which receiver I'm going to throw to and even under pressure I'll have about a full second to release the ball.

In many respects I throw a football almost like a pitcher throwing a baseball except that my stride is not quite as long. As I bring the football back, my weight is on the right foot. Then just as I start to throw, I step forward onto my left foot making a stride of about three feet. I bring the ball forward very close to my right ear, keeping the nose tilted slightly upward as I do so, then release it snapping the wrist forward much like a fisherman does

when he flycasts. This type of release is important I feel, because it not only imparts the proper spiral to the ball but it also gets it away quicker, more crisply and with more power. The football comes off the index and middle fingers last; they are the ones that really impart the spin, and then in my particular follow-through my hand reaches out and downward, palm facing the ground, almost as if I were reaching out to pat the receiver on the back.

CONTINUED



Some quarterbacks throw both long and short with the same hard, flat trajectory. I throw my short passes like that (above), but for the long ones I use a higher trajectory (left) because I can get more distance and there is more margin for error.

## THE KEY IS CONSISTENCY

### READING DEFENSES

As I drop back my eyes are watching certain key members of the defensive secondary who are going to tell me by their movements whether I am about to face a zone or a man-to-man defense. I do not need to look at my receivers because I already know what they should be doing. I can usually pick up my clues from the three defenders out on the side to my right—the safety, the cornerback and the outside linebacker. If the safety rotates back toward the outside corner, the cornerback comes up and the outside linebacker drops back, I read zone. From experience I also know without looking at them pretty much what the other secondary defenders will be doing because in a zone of this sort they have certain responsibilities. I will read a man-to-man defense when the safety comes up to cover our tight end, the cornerback stays one-on-one with the right-side wide receiver and the linebackers start dropping straight back 15 yards into what are called the hook areas. There are a tremendous number of variations, of course, but these are the most common defensive patterns.

Let's examine a typical example of what can happen. A pass the Colts call frequently is one to the right outside receiver who goes down 12 to 15 yards and then cuts sharply to the sideline. If the coverage is man-to-man I will stay with the play, expecting the receiver to be able to beat the cornerback who is covering him one-on-one. If the defender makes a good play, on the other hand, and stacks right with him, I will have to start thinking about my alternate receivers who are running patterns staggered from right to left across the field. The tight end goes downfield and runs a hook pattern at about 18 yards. The outside left receiver is running, possibly, a come-open-late pattern deep downfield—a hook inside or a hook outside down about 20 to 25 yards. So I take it in progression. Check the right outside receiver first. If he is not open I look for the tight end. If he is not open I look for the left flanker. If he's not open I will probably throw the ball away or hang on to it, get tackled and lose the yardage rather than the ball.

Now, if I read zone as I am dropping

back I know immediately that my right-side flanker is going to be double-covered and is therefore unlikely to shake clear. So I must go to one of my alternate receivers, usually the tight end. In this situation, when the tight end came off the line and noticed the safety heading for the outside corner he read zone, just as I did. What he will do then is make an adjustment. Instead of going down 18 yards and hooking, he will run what we call a zone pass. What he tries to do is to slide outside the left linebacker into a dead area just behind him and head downfield in the unprotected seam of the zone. He knows I have read the same thing. I will then try to hang the ball out over the head of that linebacker where no one but the tight end can get to it. Of course, if the tight end can't get clear I will have to try one of the other alternatives that are built into every play.

### THE THROW

On the preceding pages you have seen the basic throwing technique I use. There are a few additional points I would like to emphasize and clarify, however.

1) Some passers step forward too soon when they are bringing the ball back. The power then comes from the arm alone, which is not only hard on the arm, but cuts down on the speed and distance of the pass.

2) There are passers who roll their wrist clockwise as they release the ball in a misguided effort to achieve a smooth spiral. This motion is very similar to that of a pitcher throwing a conventional curveball, but the result is too often a weak, wobbly pass. What I do in my follow-through is roll my hand and wrist in a *counterclockwise* fashion so that my palm will be facing the ground at the finish. This type of follow-through helps guarantee that I won't turn my wrist in the conventional curve motion. Finally, as I complete the throw, my right leg will swing around very much like a pitcher's when he comes down off the mound after his pitch.

3) When I throw a long pass I release the ball at a higher angle and with a greater extension of the throwing arm than I do for a short pass (left). When a receiver is in the clear on a deep pass of

*continued*



A common error while passing is taking too long a stride (above). The quarterback is off balance and the pass may be under-throw. Being lower down, he will also have trouble getting the ball over the rush. The correct stance is shown below.





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# THE TAKING PART

*Ah, it was this, not winning, that the little baron with the big mustache said was important about his Olympics. But would Al Oerter, Harry Edwards and the gang at Hawaiian Punch agree?*  
*The first of three parts* **by WILLIAM JOHNSON**

The world has never seen the likes of the modern Olympic Games, which may not be saying very much because it hasn't seen the likes of the halftime show at the Orange Bowl, either. And, contrary to popular opinion, the Olympics are not the world's biggest sporting event. Although 7,000 athletes will forgo their at Munich next month, the annual *Fislovopper* cross-country ski race in Sweden draws more than 8,000 participants, as does the mass swim across the Sea of Galilee, which is also held every year. Nor are the Olympics necessarily the best sporting event. But the Olympics are undeniably the most misunderstood.

The Games tend to be regarded as a sacred festival featuring boho brotherhood-of-man numbers; socko extravaganza featuring the flags of all nations, thousands of terrified doves and a butane flame; and whammo feats of physical skill. The Olympics have become somehow levitated, so that, like the events on a Tiepolo ceiling, they unfold accompanied by cherubs (all bearing the features of Avery Brundage) high above the smoke of factory chimneys, the stench of open drains, the ringing of cash registers, shouts from the street—and the manifold sins and follies of man.

The spiritual essence of the Olympics is said to eternally spring from the hallowed soil of ancient Greece. The operative ideals of the Olympics are said to be everlastingly based in The Olympic Creed—"The important

thing in the Olympic Games is not winning but taking part. . . ."

In a manner of speaking.

## THE OXENMAN & THE MAN IN PLANT NO. 40

A strapping young Englishman first learned of the events to be held in Athens while strolling along the Strand in London during the winter of 1896. A sign was posted in the corner of the window of a shop owned by a travel agent, Thomas Cook, and the young fellow paused to read it. He saw that it urged perversely to drop their cares and book passage for Greece in order to view and perhaps, for the exceedingly spy, to participate in the first Olympic Games of the modern era.

The young chap—George Stuart Robertson by name, a whimsical though brilliant student at Oxford—decided he would indeed go to Athens to compete as an Olympian. Many years later, when he had lived to be 91, a wrinkled, twinkling and wise old soul widely celebrated for his art criticism, Sir George Robertson reminisced about his decision: "Oh, it all seemed a bit of a lark. The Greek Classics were my proper field at Oxford, so I could hardly

*continued*

*Baron Pierre de Coubertin, founder of the modern Olympics, was not a visionary's stancer, but could not have dreamed of the nobly plight of Duranillo Paster or of Hitler's iron stein.*



## OLYMPICS

resist a go at the Olympics, could I?"

By boat and by train, he journeyed to Athens. There he met the King of Greece, George I, of whom he recalled, "Nice chap. Sense of humor. Poor fellow. Assassinated at Salonika, wasn't he?" Robertson also met the Baron Pierre de Coubertin, the founder of the revived Games. The baron has been all but canonized for this achievement in the years since, but Sir George could only remember of him, "Funny little man, the baron."

George Robertson was a hammer thrower at Oxford— "a proper hammer with a wooden handle and a leaden head, not some confounded ball on a string like they throw now." Alas, the Olympics of 1896 had no competition for hammer throwers, so he entered the shot-put, where he finished fourth, and the discus throw, where he finished sixth. He also participated in tennis where, he said, "I had a bit of a pit-a-put." All things considered, George Robertson found the Games quite tasteful. "There wasn't any prancing about with banners and nonsense like that," he said.

At the closing ceremonies George Robertson leaped to his feet at a secret signal from King George I and recited to the crowd an ode in Aeolic Greek that he had composed himself. The Games Committee had refused him permission to read his ode, but young Robertson had conspired with the king to let him do it. "Oh, the king was awfully bucked by it all," recalled George Robertson. Indeed, the king gave him an olive branch and a laurel wreath and a pin which he took from his own tie. The pin was encrusted with sapphires and diamonds.

Two weeks after his arrival in Greece, George Robertson returned to London. He found he had spent \$11 in Athens as a contestant in the first modern Olympic Games. "Oh, it was all a huge joke, it was a splendid lark," he recalled.

Al Oerter is 35 years old, a big, serious-looking fellow who works as a manager of data communications for the Grinnell Corporation. His office is in a long, white cement building called Plant No. 40. It is located in a section of suburban wasteland in Bethpage, Long Island, and is enclosed by a high wire-mesh fence. One needs an identification badge to get in and out.

Al Oerter is one of the greatest Olymp-

pic competitors. He won four gold medals as a discus thrower in four consecutive Games—at Melbourne in 1956, at Rome in 1960, at Tokyo in 1964 and at Mexico City in 1968. No other man has ever done such a thing.

On March 15, 1971 Al Oerter reluctantly decided that he would retire from the rigors of Olympic competition. "My neck was hurting and I couldn't double my weight-lifting program to put on the weight I needed, O.K.? I weigh 235 pounds now and I had to get it up to 275 or maybe 300 to compete properly. I don't believe in steroids and I think I've proved you don't have to take them. It's no secret that most of the weight guys used steroids in Tokyo and in Mexico, but I don't believe in them, O.K.?"

For all his Olympic triumphs, Al Oerter rarely competed without pain or suffering. "In Rome the nervous tension was terrific. I injured my neck in 1962 and had to wear a brace. In Tokyo I ripped the cartilage in my rib cage. I had to use novocain. I was wrapped up in bandages like a mummy. I was popping ammonia capsules to clear my head. In Mexico I pulled an abductor muscle in my leg a week before the Games, but the doctors were good."

When Al Oerter decided that the ordeal of a fifth Olympics would be too much, he telephoned his wife. "Honey," said Al Oerter, "I think I'll be home a little early tonight, O.K.?"

### THE BIRING PRICE OF NATIONAL PRESTIGE

Amos Alonzo Stagg had to borrow \$2,500 to transport a few fellows from the University of Chicago track team to Paris for the 1900 Olympics, which

were held in conjunction with the World Exposition. There was trouble from the start. The Americans were appalled when they learned that some of the events would be held on Sunday. "Everybody here feels that it is a most contemptible trick," said Amos Alonzo Stagg. "Not a single American univer-

sity would have sent a team had it not been definitely announced that the Games would not be held on Sunday. Even at this late date, it is likely that the American teams will untidily refuse to compete if the French officials persist in carrying out what seems to us a very nasty piece of business."

As it turned out, some Americans did not mind violating the Sabbath and they won a few medals. They won more on the weekdays—including a gold medal in the Olympic tug-of-war. The American teams won no medals at all in Olympic croquet, Olympic howling-on-the-green, Olympic still-fishing in the Seine or Olympic pigeon racing.

Perhaps they would have done better if they had known that they were competing in the final Olympiad of the modern Games. According to Charles H. Sherrill, a New York Athletic Club official who later became an ambassador to Turkey, the Americans were unaware that they were participating in an Olympics until they received their medals and read the inscriptions.

There was no mistaking that it was an Olympics in Amsterdam in 1928: 3,000 athletes from 46 nations were on hand. The U.S. men's track team alone had two managers, two assistant managers, a head coach, 10 assistant coaches and six trainers. The president of the U.S. Olympic Committee was Douglas MacArthur, and he firmly declared the team to be in "superb condition . . . for the great test" and said that "Americans can rest serene and assured."

The men's track team proved to be terrible. The only U.S. runner to win a gold medal in an individual event was Ray Barbieri in the 400-meter dash. Pro-

Unhappy USOC officials squawked when Stagg appeared in this ad. They were appalled by \$30,000 donation.





pie muttered that it was a blow to the nation's pride. Nevertheless, when all the points were added up in all the events, the U.S. had more than any other country. And in his formal report General MacArthur left few phrases unpurloined in arguing that the U.S. had been well served in Amsterdam.

"Nothing is more synonymous of our national success than is our national success in athletics," he wrote. "This team proved itself a worthy successor of its brilliant predecessors." He described specific triumphs thusly: "The restless onrush of that matchless California Eight as it swirled and crashed down the placid waters of the Sloter; that indomitable will for victory which marked the deathless rush of Barbute; that sparkling combination of speed and grace by Elizabeth Robinson [a sprinter] which might have rivaled even Ariens himself on the heights of Olympus..."

If anyone still had doubts that the U.S. had sent less than a full complement of Olympia's own gods and goddesses to Amsterdam, the general let it be known that "the American team worthily represented the best traditions of American sportsmanship and civility. Imperturbable in defeat, modest in victory, its conduct typified fair play, courtesy and courage. It was worthy in victory; it was supreme in defeat."

MacArthur also reported that the total cost of sending the godlike creatures to the Olympics was \$290,000.

#### "ESKIMO PIE HAS CALLED"

The U.S. Olympic Committee steadfastly refuses to ask the U.S. Government for money on the assumption that if it did the Olympic program would fall into the hands of bureaucrats. The bread is supposed to come from voluntary contributions. For the 1963 Pan-American Games and the 1964 Olympics the budget was \$4 million, in 1968 it was \$4.5 million and this year it is \$10 million.

A few years ago the USOC concocted a scheme whereby a few extra hundred thousand bucks could be raised by dealing big business a piece of the U.S. Olympic effort. It works like this: if a company donates \$30,000 to the U.S. Olympic Committee it is allowed to use the U.S. Olympic symbol in its advertisements and to identify itself as a supplier to the U.S. team. For \$100,000, a firm can use the Olympic symbol and have a promotional campaign on the Olympics,

such as a sweepstakes with the first prize being a trip to Munich for four. Hawaiian Punch, for one, has done this.

Not long ago, the people who make Coppertone Suntan Lotion contributed \$30,000 to include the Olympic symbol in their ads. Their campaign featured the famous trademark of the little girl with a healthy tan on her back and a puppy tugging playfully at her bathing suit, thus exposing a lot of her white bottom in striking contrast to her brown top. The symbol was shown not far away. Several elderly members of the USOC complained about the symbol appearing next to a bare bottom. They felt this desecrated the Olympic Ideal. Their outrage subsided, however, when they learned of Coppertone's \$30,000 donation.

Raising money in this fashion is a substantial commercial operation in itself. On a fairly typical day in May 1971 there was a certain amount of tension at Olympic House, where the ice-cream people were scheduled to make their donations. Olympic House, a mansion on New York's Park Avenue, is the headquarters of the USOC. The building was once owned by J. P. Morgan and occupied by his mistress, actress Maxine Elliott.

"We are running a \$10 million business here," said Arthur G. Lentz, a brisk fellow with iron-gray hair who has been executive director of the USOC for eight years. "We feel big business should be involved since it helps benefit the kids. Our procedure is to send out letters soliciting offers to contribute and we mail the letters on a staggered basis—to the toothpaste people one week, the shaving people the next, the ice-cream people the next. Ice cream is officially open right now. Eskimo Pie has called. Eskimo Pie is the first to call. I'm positive we'll also hear from Howard Johnson's soon."

Alas, there is no official Olympic ice cream this year. But Olympic House did hear from Gillette, which became the official razor. Rose is the official shav-



To protest fact that his event was held on a rehearsal holiday, Forrest Smithson noted Bible to victory in 1968

ing cream. Brut is the official after-shave lotion.

#### THE OLYMPIC ART OF DEMONSTRATING FOR A CAUSE

**White Gloves** The opening ceremonies were over and the restored Panathenaic stadium in Athens was abuzz with the murmur of the crowd. The King and Queen of Greece waited expectantly in the royal box. The opening event of the first modern Olympiad—the preliminary heats in the 100-meter dash—had begun. The contestants arranged themselves along the starting line. In one heat there were two Greeks, a German, an Englishman, an American named Thomas Curtis from the Boston Athletic Association and a Frenchman who had taken a swig of red wine only moments before. Many years later, Thomas Curtis wrote:

"As we stood on our marks, I was next to the Frenchman, a short, stocky man. He, at that moment, was busily engaged in pulling on a pair of white kid gloves, and having some difficulty in doing so before the starting pistol. Excited as I was, I had to ask him why he wanted the gloves.

"'Ah?' he answered, 'zat is because I run before ze keeng!'"

With white gloves flashing, the Frenchman ran a showy but slow race, failing to qualify for the finals.

"Later, after the heat was run," wrote Thomas Curtis, "I asked him in what

continued

## OLYMPICS



In 1904, "savage" tribes competed separately, but their prowess was a thrill. Here a giant Patagonian jumps 3'.

other events he was entered. He was in only two, "ze cent metre and ze marathon," to me a curious combination. He went on to explain his method of training. "One day I run a liddle way, vary queck. Ze next day, I run a long way, vary slow."

"I remember the last day of the Games. The marathon had been run. . . . The king and queen had left and the stadium was about to be closed up for the night. And then, all alone, the little Frenchman came jogging into the stadium running 'vary slow' and passed in front of the empty thrones of the royal box, wearing his little white kid gloves, even though 'ze keeing' was not there to see them."

**The Bible** At the 1908 Games in London, Forrest Smithson, of Notre Dame, was so incensed that the 110-meter hurdle race was being held on a religious holiday that he ran with a Bible in his left hand. He won and set a world record.

**Flags.** The Games of 1908 were perhaps the sourest of all. Apparently, the trouble began when the U.S. team arrived at the stadium in London, gazed around and realized that among all the flags on display, Old Glory was nowhere to be seen. The Americans protested. The British explained that they simply had not been able to turn up a Stars and Stripes suitable for flying at the stadium—an excuse the Americans found unacceptable. When the opening parade began, Ralph Rose, a shotputter, was leading the U.S. team, carrying an American flag. Flag-bearers from all other na-

tions obeyed the protocol of the day by dipping their hammers in tribute to the head of state, King Edward VII, as they passed his seat of honor. Not the American. The burly, hot-tempered Rose muttered, "This flag dips to no earthly king." The crowd gasped, but Rose held his flag erect when he stomped past the king.

The American flag has never again been dipped in honor to a foreign head of state. At Mexico City in 1968, Harold Connolly, the veteran hammer thrower, was asked by the USOC to

carry the flag in the opening parade. Connolly replied, "I'd be honored, but I may as well tell you, I am going to dip it when I pass the President of Mexico."

Harold Connolly did not carry the flag that day.

**Black Gloves.** The gloves of the little Frenchman went all but unnoticed. Not those of Tommie Smith and John Carlos, who finished one-three in the 200-meter dash in Mexico City. Standing on the victory steps for *The Star-Spangled Banner*, they bowed their heads and each held a clenched fist in a black glove aloft, in symbolic protest of the black man's plight. "They were both supposed to have a full pair of gloves," said Peter Neeman, the Australian sprinter who finished second, "but Carlos forgot his. Smith was loath to give one up but John begged him and finally Tommie gave him one glove."

#### TECHNOLOGY IS THE ATHLETE'S FRIEND

In 1896, a swimmer named Gardner Williams traveled to Athens with the Boston Athletic Association team. He was a magnificent athlete who had won many sprints in American pools and he was properly confident he would win the gold medal in the 100-meter freestyle, which was to be held in the Bay of Zea in the Mediterranean. Thomas Curtis was there to record Gardner Williams' quest for glory: "He had traveled 5,000 miles for this event, and as he poised with the others on the edge of the float, waiting for

the gun, his spirit thrilled with patriotism and determination. At the crack of the pistol, the contestants dived head first into the icy water. In a split second his head reappeared. 'Jesu Christo! I'm freezing!' he cried. With that shriek of astonished frenzy he lashed back to the float. For him the Olympics were over."

According to the organizers of the XXth Olympiad, at Munich there will be "a small warming-up pool where competitors can get used to the water temperature (26° and 27° Centigrade) of the competition pool before the start."

#### A SAMPLER OF DIVERSE QUOTATIONS DEFINING THE OLYMPIC GAMES

In 1936, a Belgian nobleman, Count Henri de Baillet-Latour, was president of the International Olympic Committee. He was concerned that Adolf Hitler was going to turn the Berlin Games into a political carnival for the Nazis. "The Olympic Games are not held in Berlin, in Los Angeles or in Amsterdam," the count lectured the Führer. "When the five-circled Olympic flag is raised over the stadium, it becomes sacred Olympic territory and theoretically, and for all practical purposes, the Games are held in ancient Olympia. There, I am the master." The reply of the Chancellor of the Third Reich to the Master of Ancient Olympia was never recorded.

Harry Edwards is an assistant professor of sociology at Berkeley. In 1967, he spearheaded a movement among U.S. blacks to boycott the Mexico City Olympics. Ultimately the effort faltered, but Harry Edwards goes on, an outspoken critic of the Games. He said, "Sports and war are born from man's same needs. The same training, the same drive works for both. The same rituals prevail—anthems, martial music, prayers for victory, medals for heroes. The same organized structures that support war also support the Olympic Games: nationalists and politicians, hymn singers, American Legion Neanderthals. The Olympics as an ideal of brotherhood and world peace is passé. The Olympics is obviously so hypocritical that even the Neanderthals watching TV know what they're seeing cannot be true. With access to total information instantly on TV, even the Neanderthals know that the Russians stomped the Czechs and that the Arabs despise the Jews and that racists rule

the world. So, all of a sudden, the Olympic Games come on TV with all the smiles and handshakes, and even the Neanderthal sits up and says, "Hey, what the hell? All year I watch nothin' but hate on TV, now they come on with a big love feast. It's gotta be phony. The Olympics gotta be a pos-see, man."

And Baron Pierre de Coubertin, founding father of it all, said: "The Olympic movement tends to bring together in a radiant union all the qualities which guide mankind to perfection."

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MUTUAL, CHARLIE CHAN, IRVING  
BERLIN & FLOWERS OF ARIAN  
MAJESTY!!

*Continued* During ABC's telecasts of the 1972 Olympics, these concerns will pay \$48,000 per minute to advertise: the Coca-Cola Company, International Harvester Company, The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, Sears, Roebuck and Co., Texaco Inc., Warner-Lambert Company and Toyota Motor Distributors, Inc.

*Diamond* In 1937 Twentieth Century-Fox studios made *Charlie Chan in the Olympics*, starring Warner Oland. The story involved the *Hindenburg*, the theft of a robot pilot and the 100-meter freestyle at the Berlin Games.

*Science* During the 1964 Olympics in St. Louis there were Anthropology Days, in which members of "savage and uncivilized tribes" competed. "The world had heard of the marvelous qualities of the Indian as a runner . . ." an official account of the Games stated. "It had read much of the strength of the Kaffir, of the remarkable athletic feats of the Filipinos, and of the great agility and muscular strength of the giant Patagonians. All these traditions were spoiled. In actual competition, the representatives of the savage and uncivilized tribes proved themselves inferior athletes. . . . An Americanized Sioux Indian won the 100-yard dash in remarkably slow time, and an African Pygmy in the same event made a record that can be beaten by any 12-year-old. . . . The Patagonian could throw the shot only 10½ feet."

*Musical* The first time Irving Berlin ever wrote both the lyrics and the mel-

ody of a song was in 1909 when he composed *Dorando*. The subject was Dorando Pietri, the poor, brave, broken little Italian marathon runner who wobbled into White City Stadium during the 1908 Games, sickened and dizzy but leading the pack. Eager Englishmen actually helped him across the finish line, and Dorando was disqualified. A sampling of the lyrics to *Dorando* by Irving Berlin:

*Dorando! Dorando! He ran-a,  
ran-a, ran-a, ran like anything.  
Once, two-a hundred times around  
during.  
First, 'Please-a you go stop'  
Just then, Dorando he's a drop!"*

*Love* In 1936 one of the least celebrated but most interesting elements was the Love Garden behind the Olympic Village. Not every Olympian knew about it, but one who did was Paul Martin, then a middle-distance runner for the Swiss team. Today he is 71 and an orthopedic surgeon. Although he won a silver medal in the 800-meter run in 1924, Dr. Martin is more famous as the only man to compete as a runner in five consecutive Games.

Still remarkably energetic, Dr. Martin

recently said: "The Olympic athlete in Berlin was elevated to a godlike creature. The Germans had even reserved a sort of heavenly forest near the Olympic Village for these gods. And there the prettiest handpicked maidens would offer themselves to the athletes—especially to the good Aryan types. Olympic babies born out of such encounters were cared for by the state. There was every indication that this Woods of Love was a matter of state policy by the Nazis."

"The maidens were usually sports teachers or members of Hitler's *Bund Deutscher Mädel* and they had passes to enter the village and woods and mingle with the athletes. It was a lovely beech forest which had a pretty little lake, and the place was tightly ringed by *Schupos* [police] so no one would disturb the sportive couples."

"It was interesting that before submitting to the Olympic god of her choice, the girl would request her partner's Olympic badge. In case of pregnancy, she would give this badge to state or Red Cross maternity to prove the Olympic origin of her baby. Then the state would pay for the whole works."

Dr. Martin said that since Aryan racial improvement was apparently the object of the young ladies' affections, they avoided blacks and seemed to favor white Americans, Scandinavians, Dutchmen and, of course, Germans. Dr. Martin had been at the Games in Los Angeles in 1932 and he recalled, "Very pretty girls with big automobiles would turn up at the Olympic Village there, too, to try and meet the athlete of their choice. But there, obviously, race improvement was decidedly not the prime incentive."

"I HEREBY ASSURE MY CLAIMS  
FOR BEING SOLE AUTHOR OF  
THE WHOLE PROJECT."

In his waning years Baron Pierre de Coubertin was often seen by the citizens of Lausanne rowing on Lake Geneva, a small and melancholy figure bending and pulling, bending and pulling, propelling himself in slow circles upon the water. He was quite poor now, his ancient family fortune spent.

The baron, his wife Marie and their daughter Renee lived in a hotel suite paid for by the municipality of Lausanne. His wife refused to give him even a few sous for pocket money. His daughter had come to be what relatives called



John Carlos (right) forget his glass for 1968 protest, so Tommy Smith lost his one.

# OLYMPICS

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**Jun 10, 1972**

"funny." Since late childhood, Renee had been forced by her mother to wear masculine clothing and was forbidden to use powder or rouge. This, relatives agreed, was a result of the guilt Mme. Coubertin felt over the bizarre tragedy that befell an infant son many years before. The boy had been two years old when his mother left him exposed for several hours beneath a fierce summer sun. When he was found, he had suffered sunstroke, and though he lived several years more he never again showed the faintest sign of human intelligence.

"The baron was very disillusioned, very sad at the end of his life," his great-nephew Geoffrey de Navacelle recalled recently. "Remember, in 1914 the Olympics were in their infancy when war broke out. No one believed the Olympic ideal could stop war then. But by 1936 my uncle realized that even a full-grown Olympics could never be the means to world peace; that he had been searching for. He was quite distraught. Things had not gone as he intended."

The Associated Press reported that the Baron de Coubertin died "of a stroke of apoplexy," while strolling in a public park of Geneva on Sept. 2, 1937. He was 74. In his will he asked that his body be buried in Lausanne, where the headquarters of the IOC is located. But first, his heart was to be removed from his breast, encased in a marble column and interred at Olympia in Greece.

Marie did not die until 1963, when she was 101 years old. She was buried, intact, in Lausanne.

Pierre de Coubertin had grown up in a castle at Saint-Remy-lès-Chevroux, in a town house at 20 Rue Oudinot in Paris, and in a seaside chateau near Le Havre. The family title dated back to the reign of Louis XI. When Pierre was 16, his family made a pilgrimage to Frohsdorf, Austria, where they paid clandestine homage to the pretender to the French throne, the man they believed to be King Henry V. Pierre was appalled at what he saw—a shrunken and rheumy-eyed bit of human wreckage. The folly of waiting for this odd creak to dash into Paris and seize France was too much for Pierre. He rejected his family's politics, and eventually came to refer to himself as a "revolutionary." In time, he would even be called a socialist. Of course, he was not. For all of his life the baron's was at least and most influential friends in Olympic and personal mat-

ters were counts and archdukes and princes and extremely rich men.

The baron was quite tiny, barely 5'3". Early in life he cultivated a fine, sweeping mustache. He wore it all his life and it turned snow white when he grew old in Lausanne. The baron did not indulge greatly in competitive sport. Mostly he rowed or rode. He wrote endlessly. He loved flowers, music and drawing-room chatter. He cut an impressive figure at the podium, despite a high voice which had obviously traveled the full length of his nose (it was the nose of a much taller man) before it arrived in public. But with all the words he delivered, it is odd that the most famous quotation attributed to him was not of his own creation: "The important thing is not winning but taking part..." De Coubertin said it countless times, but he seized upon it only after he had heard it said in 1908 by the Bishop of Pennsylvania.

Toward the end of the 19th century, France was still stunned by the ringing defeat suffered at the hands of Germany in 1871. A few critics said France had lost because she was too cerebral, too effie. Sport and physical exercise in general were considered a detriment to scholarly work. The less said about sport the better. No one minded when a leading newspaper explained to its readers that soccer was a game played with rackets and small, hard balls. People minded even less, perhaps, when a competitor struck back by saying that soccer was, in fact, played with long, flat mallets.

Then along came the little baron, declaiming athletic propaganda through his nose. He preached against "physical degenerance" in France and said that he wanted to remold French youth. He praised the relatively robust British educational system: "It is the application according to modern requirements of the most characteristic principles of Grecian civilization: to make the muscles be the chief factor in the work of moral education." He was denounced as a vulgarian.

Still, he managed to attract some of France's finest educators and philosophers to his ideas, as well as two presidents of the Republic, and he discussed his theme with Gladstone, the Prime Minister of Great Britain.

Nov. 25, 1892 was the day the baron chose to reveal his idea for reviving the Olympics. The occasion was the fifth an-

continued

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OPTIMUM OPTICS

niversary of the Union des Sociétés Françaises de Sports Athlétiques, of which de Coubertin was president. The place was the Sorbonne. The heart of the baron's speech dealt with the value of internationalism in sports. He spoke with fervor: "There are those whom you would call Utopians since they speak of the disappearance of war, but there are others who believe in the progressive diminution of the chances of war, and I don't see that as Utopian."

He shouted that the "cause of peace would receive a new and forceful boost" if nations competed in athletics rather than in armies. Then he promulgated his historic notion: "We must join to found a base conforming to the conditions of modern life, this grandiose and beneficent work: the re-establishment of the Olympic Games!"

The baron paused and glared significantly at the gathering. The gathering looked back rather blankly. People had no idea what the baron was talking about. At last, men began scrambling to their feet to ask questions:

"Do you mean a theatrical reproduction with fake athletes?"

"*Mais, non,*" said the baron, "the real thing."

"Then will the athletes be nude?" The audience was laughing. "Will it be forbidden for women to watch? Who will participate? Only the French? It used to be only the Greeks."

"I foresee the Games on a world scale," said the baron.

"Oh, then we'll have Negroes and Chinese and . . . and Redskins!" shouted one buffoon and the auditorium rocked with laughter. The baron was abashed.

Downcast, he left the Sorbonne. Outside, he was approached by a young woman who placed her small hand upon his arm. "Your idea was too much for them," she said. "It will be necessary to give it to them little by little. This time their reaction is not important." The young woman's name was Marie Rothen and she and the baron were married on March 12, 1895. Ahead lay the grandeur of the Olympic Games and the desolation of Lausanne.

The baron finally sold the Olympics to an assembly of world sports officials in Paris in June 1894. It was decided that the first Games must be held in Athens. Unfortunately, the news of this decision did not set off dancing in the streets of that city. In fact, the Greek govern-

ment did not really see how it could afford the Olympic Games. The glories that were Greece were no more. The treasury was bankrupt. The nation was struggling to regain some semblance of vitality and direction after a bitter and costly revolution in which it had succeeded in expelling the Turks.

When word of disenchantment in Athens reached Paris, Baron de Coubertin hurried off to Greece. He met with the prime minister and was told there was not enough money to finance the Games. The baron said he must see the king.



The Olympics were de Coubertin's idea, but Averoff's drachmas got him the statue.

King George was out of town, so de Coubertin saw Crown Prince Constantine. And here, Olympic historians agree, the baron did something very wise: he did not launch into a paean to ancient Greece and the splendor of an Olympia long gone. Instead, the baron told the prince that the world greatly admired the Greece of the 19th century. He spoke of the courage displayed in the Greek fight for independence and of the nation's grim resolve to maintain its identity "when the world no longer knew there were any Greeks."

The prince sat enraptured as the baron cried, "It is in this Greece that I believe!"

Young Constantine replied, "And I, sir, believe in your Olympics."

So it was done. The royal family organized a public fund-raising campaign that produced 332,756 drachmas (\$65,246). Commemorative stamps brought in another 400,000 drachmas and the sale of tickets and medals another 200,000. It still was not enough, a great deal of money was needed to rebuild the decrepit Panathenaic Stadium of Herodes Atticus (102-178 A.D.), which was little more than a bramble-choked ravine. But the Greeks knew where to turn for the money—to George Averoff of Alexandria, a Croesus figure who had made millions of drachmas dealing in Egyptian cotton, wheat and gold thread. Averoff had already gained a reputation as the nation's leading philanthropist and he lived up to it by donating 920,000 drachmas to restore the heroic old pile. The resulting masterpiece seated 45,000 people. At its entrance rose a statue of Averoff. On the eve of the opening ceremonies of the first modern Olympic Games, the crown prince gave a stirring speech in praise of the merchant and when he pulled the cord that dropped the flag of Greece draped over the statue, the crowd roared: "Long live the Crown Prince! Long live Mr. Averoff! God bless our nation!"

The baron later wrote his own analysis of what the Games could mean to the world: "Their revival is not owing to a spontaneous dream, but is the logical consequence of the great cosmopolitan tendencies of our times. . . . Men have begun to lead less isolated existences, different races have learnt to know, to understand each other better and by comparing their . . . achievements in the fields of art, industry and science, a noble rivalry has sprung up amongst them, urging them on to greater accomplishment."

The baron wanted no mistakes made about the origins of this new phenomenon, the modern Olympics. "As for myself," he wrote, "I hereby assert once more my claims for being sole author of the whole project."

When the baron and his wife had returned to France, Marie asked him, "Why was it that not one time did they mention your name during the ceremonies?"

END

#### NEXT WEEK

NARAI, OAKRI, HOLLO, BAKIR, ZATOPK—how the gold medals changed their lives.

# Don't you think the touring pros try every new ball that comes along?

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In fact, this year—in spite of all the much-ballyhooed new ball introductions—Titleist is *ahead* of last year's record pace on the pro tour. The chart below is the startling proof.

ACUSHNET GOLF EQUIPMENT

(The 1972 tour results to date)



(The 1972 tour results to date)

| TOURNAMENT                         | PRIZE MONEY        | TITLEIST           | MACGREGOR        | DUNLOP           | SPALDING         | OTHER            |
|------------------------------------|--------------------|--------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|
| Los Angeles Open                   | \$ 1,814           | \$ 31,119          | \$ 11,020        | \$ 1,071         | \$ 1,595         | \$ 17,956        |
| Long Valley National               | 134,000            | 79,847             | 33,529           | 1,900            | 8,430            | 16,981           |
| Tulsa Open                         | 103,983            | 132,909            | 4,725            | 4,365            | 1,367            | 5,237            |
| San Diego Open                     | 103,013            | 134,817            | 300              | 1,759            | 2,047            | 1,811            |
| RCA Series                         | 57,825             | 25,457             | 1,118            | 1,788            | 684              | 8,278            |
| Hickory Open                       | 56,010             | 141,171            | 14,497           | 5,367            | 1,636            | 39,999           |
| United A&L Open—Carolina Open      | 19,891             | 11,263             | 3,000            | 1,826            | 1,000            | 5,443            |
| Phoenix Open                       | 124,915            | 101,845            | 13,412           | 3,874            | 5,574            | 808              |
| Jack Nicklaus Invitational Classic | 768,825            | 127,588            | 94,521           | 1,826            | 1,663            | 14,242           |
| Bob Hope Desert Classic            | 548,900            | 118,695            | 15,354           | 10,173           | 11,443           | 11,511           |
| Donald Ross Open                   | 544,367            | 73,915             | 30,552           | 5,840            | 0                | 25,265           |
| Greensboro Open                    | 549,811            | 129,657            | 8,898            | 6,223            | 1,168            | 1,040            |
| Jacksonville Open                  | 124,077            | 100,548            | 586              | 2,837            | 2,727            | 18,612           |
| Greater New Orleans Open           | 124,061            | 53,389             | 21,886           | 42,896           | 1,137            | 5,863            |
| Greene-Gardens Open                | 189,680            | 196,773            | 4,699            | 8,217            | 11,394           | 16,040           |
| Missouri                           | 179,649            | 98,546             | 42,965           | 10,350           | 17,650           | 9,903            |
| Magnolia Classic                   | 36,247             | 36,255             | 2,001            | 770              | 467              | 4,796            |
| Memphis Open                       | 149,964            | 129,775            | 8,521            | 3,899            | 7,198            | 2,132            |
| Savannah + Champions               | 184,999            | 113,866            | 31,200           | 2,860            | 5,033            | 1,000            |
| Tallahassee Open                   | 14,668             | 65,194             | 448              | 93               | 3,770            | 5,413            |
| Born Nelson Classic                | 194,011            | 65,262             | 6,812            | 3,206            | 5,323            | 13,316           |
| Houston International Invitational | 124,932            | 115,535            | 3,431            | 3,857            | 0                | 2,543            |
| Colonial National Invitational     | 124,014            | 76,457             | 2,150            | 254              | 17,092           | 26,594           |
| Munster Open Invitational          | 14,664             | 18,960             | 1,000            | 0                | 0                | 1,534            |
| Danny Thomas Memphis Classic       | 134,977            | 60,907             | 5,009            | 1,775            | 6,874            | 68,376           |
| Shreveport Classic                 | 14,989             | 22,541             | 206              | 365              | 0                | 1,878            |
| Atlanta Golf Classic               | 126,954            | 88,187             | 8,453            | 27,100           | 4,990            | 1,187            |
| Kemper Open Invitational           | 174,974            | 119,190            | 1,906            | 12,811           | 7,446            | 30,491           |
| Princeton + Golf Classic           | 149,972            | 130,540            | 4,126            | 320              | 260              | 13,529           |
| U.S. Open                          | 934,988            | 970,250            | 43,257           | 7,477            | 7,750            | 14,889           |
| <b>TOTAL</b>                       | <b>\$3,955,124</b> | <b>\$2,814,168</b> | <b>\$433,594</b> | <b>\$181,295</b> | <b>\$109,387</b> | <b>\$880,870</b> |
| <b>PERCENTAGE OF TOTAL</b>         | <b>100%</b>        | <b>71.2%</b>       | <b>11.0%</b>     | <b>4.6%</b>      | <b>2.8%</b>      | <b>9.7%</b>      |

Source: Official Professional Golfers Association

# Titleist: the money ball



CARL HITS, BUT NOT FOR THE FENCES

## Yaz, we have no grand-slamers

It undoubtedly bodes well for Carl Yastrzemski that in his 12 years with the Boston Red Sox he has never entirely agreed with either his fans or his critics—one may be mistaken for the other in the Hub—but has walked his own way.

In the glory year that was 1967, when Yaz led the Red Sox to the American League pennant as Most Valuable Player, he laughed off the idolatrous praise that he was Ted Williams incarnate, despite his 44-homer season, one better than Teddy Ballgame's best. Today, going through a mood switch inching toward truculence, Yastrzemski has yet to concede that he is all washed up as a long-ball hitter, even if that opinion is the consensus at Fenway Park, where belief can run to fanaticism. Moreover, if the pros-

pect among Yaz's mail, it has not been apparent on the field. The Pentagon should be so relaxed over a reduction in force.

While it remains to be seen if Yastrzemski's power is gone for good at the age of 32, the critics' case has merit. It was on September 3rd of last season, his poorest ever as a major-leaguer, that Yastrzemski hit a home run against the Cleveland Indians. Neither Fenway Park, where that one was launched, nor any other ball yard has seen him hit one since. By last week his homerless streak included 62 games and 221 trips to the plate.

But Yastrzemski is still very much a hitter. Now in Comeback No. 2 of a season interrupted by the players' strike and a one-month layoff due to a knee injury, he has gotten 28 hits in 69 at bats since his return to the Red Sox lineup on June 9. That .406 pace raised his batting average from .159 to .294. He also scored 17 runs and drove in 13 others.

But the power that Yastrzemski once unleashed from an exceedingly hard, complex swing demanding perfect coordination and concentration has now diminished to Texas league distances. Where once was the towering homer, now is the line drive. Among his 37 hits for the year, Yaz could count only nine for extra bases.

If, indeed, Yastrzemski is finished as a home-run hitter, the hand injury he suffered last season trying to steal a base is probably more to blame than the knee he hurt sliding into home plate against the Angels on May 9 this year.

For his own part, Yaz says he simply hasn't been swinging for the fences. "I don't think the injuries have anything to do with it. It's just a matter of whether I'm trying for home runs or not. It's easier for me to hit this way. I can wait longer on the ball without making a commitment. To hit home runs, I have to guess. What kind of pitch—in or out, up or down? It's a feeling-out process. I have to have everything going for me as far as timing and confidence are concerned. I was hitting pretty well four or five days before the end of spring training, then came the strike. Now I'm coming back again after a layoff, I'm not a big strong guy [5' 11", 182 pounds] getting home runs by accident. My power comes from perfect timing. Ideally, you'd like to hit both ways, but to do that you have to be in a perfect groove, physically and mentally.

"So I'm not making it hard as I used to. I've been getting a lot of breaking balls and slop. I've been hitting to the opposite field more than usual and I haven't been challenged with fastballs and hard sliders so that I can swing the bat hard. With good timing I'll still hit home runs by accident—not many, but some."

Manager Eddie Kasko agrees. "One little thing will throw him off," Kasko says. "But he's an intense player. He'll work hard to correct something. Once he gets it all, the long ball will come."

Last week in Boston Yastrzemski got two hits in a 5-3 victory over the Tigers, including a twisting line drive that bounced away from Mickey Stanley for Carl's first triple of the season. It would rate as a long hit only in the statistics, but that seemed of small import to Yaz, who believes the Red Sox still have a shot at the pennant.

"When you get older," he said after the game, "the big thing is the mental drive. That's the toughest part of baseball, concentrating hard enough to get two hits, then three hits, then four. I think you can help a club more hitting .320 with 20 home runs than you can at .250 with 40 home runs. I don't think I've struck out since I've come back, and if I'm driving in runs with singles and doubles now, why should I change?"

As for home runs, Yaz is with Kasko. "When they come," the three-time batting champion said, "they'll come."

For the fans, if not the critics, that may be enough.

## THE WEEK

by JOE JARES

**NL WEST** Cincinnati owed its woes to former college stars. The Giants' Jim Barr, from USC, beat the Reds 7-2 and ended their win streak at four. Then Dave Roberts, the Padres' No. 1 draft choice from the University of Oregon, got three hits, including a key double in the 11th inning, to hand the Reds a 4-3 loss. But the Reds' West Coast swing was not a total failure. Gasy Nolan beat L.A. for his 10th win and his seventh on the road against no losses.

Houston was winning through pure power. The Astros were sixth in the league in hitting and pitching, and eighth in holding, but through Friday night they had 71 homers, matching their total for all last season.



Even little Second Baseman Tommi Helms had four homers, exceeding his last year's output by one. Los Angeles gave Houston one of its victories by committing two errors in the ninth. Earlier in the week the Dodgers had five errors and lost to the Reds 5-4. "We manage to get our errors together, but not our hits," said Manager Walter Alston.

With youngsters Darrell Evans and Duzy Baker in military service, Atlanta's bats were mostly muffled, though Henry Aaron hit homers 14 and 15 and posed Lou Gehrig on the major leagues' all-time RBI list. He is now second to Babe Ruth in that category, too. With Orlando Cepeda gone to Oakland, Aaron is now at first base permanently.

Bobby Bonds and Willie McCovey started hitting again for San Francisco, but Infielder Chris Speier was hottest. His run-scoring single helped Jim Barr beat Cincy and he had three hits against Atlanta. He insisted it was just "luck." In any case, the Giants climbed out of 24th place in the majors, passing San Diego by winning four of five at home. There were rumors that Owner Horace Stoneham would sell the attendance-poor Giants. Stoneham denied them.

CIN 41-27 HOU 45-28 LA 38-22  
ATL 31-36 SF 28-46 SD 26-44

**NL EAST** Returning to Three Rivers Stadium after losing two to the Mets, the Pirates found their field high and dry following the flood, but the club officers were damaged. Worse, Pirate bats were soggy all week except for two noteworthy shows: 12 hits in a 9-2 win over the Cubs and 11 hits (four by Manny Sanguillen) in a 9-0 romp over the Expos.

Though Daniel Joseph Stauh rusted an previous times turning his sore hand, New York still managed to creep up into a virtual tie with the Pirates. Good pitching made up for the absence of slugger Jerry Kosman struck out nine Pirates in winning his fifth straight game. Tom Seaver looked strong beating the Phils 3-2 and free-baller Danny Fivella had three scoreless innings of relief to help beat the Expos 7-3.

Rookie Rick Reuschel, a farm boy from west-central Illinois, won two games for Chicago, giving up only eight hits in 16 1/3 innings against the Phils and Pirates. "He may change the outlook around here," bubbled Leo Durocher. The Cubs also resumed their system of fines for blunders, known as Rockhead Roulette. And not necessarily speaking of rockheads, Joe Pepitone came out of retirement and got himself a hit.

St. Louis was on a tear. The Cards' 4-1 victory over the Phils Friday night was their 10th win in 11 games. "Pitching and better luck with our hitting has been the answer," said Manager Red Schoendienst, but the

fans were answering, too. Helping Joe Torre protest a decision Tuesday, they showered the field with caps, scorecards, shoes, and a small pocketknife.

One of Montreal's few happy moments was Mike Torrez' ninth victory, one that came against his old Cardinal teammates in that delay-delayed game. The Philadelphia front office gave Manager Frank Lucchesi a vote of confidence, but even better for morale was the work of lefty Steve Carlton, who won two games and ran his major league-leading streakout total to 159 in 144 1/3 innings. Lucchesi started giving some of his regulars a day or two of rest, and the result was spectacular. Don Money went 10 for 24, Larry Bowa got four hits in one game and the same day Ging Lofgren hit two singles and a double for three RBIs.

PIT 49-28 NY 41-28 CHI 37-28  
ST. L 34-33 MONT 26-38 PHIL 24-45

**AL WEST** Oakland's Vida Bluz was chased in Chicago after giving up three home runs in 5 1/3 innings. He was sporting a 2.93 earned run average, which isn't bad, but the club's overall pitching has been so good that Vida's ERA ranks ninth on the nine-man staff. While Charlie Finley was trading off Donny McLain for a new first baseman, Orlando Cepeda, his present one, Mike Epstein, was battering Chicago with three hits, including a game-winning home run.

Carlos May's mother traveled from Birmingham to Chicago to see him play—for the first time since he became a pro—but Manager Chuck Tanner had left him out of the lineup because of a sore hand. Finding out about mama, Tanner put May back in against Oakland and May proceeded to drive in two runs in a 6-4 White Sox win. Home is where the wins lie for Chicago. As the week ended, the White Sox were 27-5 on the South Side, 12-22 abroad. Dick Allen hit home run No. 14 Friday as the Sox again defeated Oakland, 6-5, denying the A's Ken Holtzman his 12th victory.

Tony Oliva, of no help to Minnesota this season because of an injured right knee, finally gave up and went on the disabled list. "It's no use," said Twins Manager Bill Ripken. "Tony just can't run." The knee, which was operated on last fall, will be doctored again. Pitcher Ray Cobin improved his record to 4-0 with a 2-0 shutout of Kansas City. The Royals continued to get sensational hitting from First Baseman John Mayberry. He batted .600, drove in 11 runs, had four homers and extended his hitting streak to 12 games. Recently he has been averaging one broken bat a game. "I'm broken" 'em," he said, "they're 'doin' in style!" And who was the batting leader of the American League? Outfielder Richie Scheinblum, at .331.

California had a triple play against the Twins, helped by some homehead base running, and a sudden flash of power and runs gave Rudy May a 12-4 victory over Texas. "That's the most runs they've scored for me in seven years," May said. Texas suffered through severe heat and disappointing hitting. "If [Rich] Billings doesn't drive in the runs, no one does," lamented Manager Ted Williams.

OAK 43-23 CHI 38-27 MINN 38-29  
KC 31-33 CAL 31-37 TEX 27-38

**AL EAST** Detroit managed to cling to first place despite ineffectual hitting, and Tiger Manager Billy Martin credited "executives, working hard for our runs. We've scored five times already on the outside squeeze." His pitching wasn't bad, either. Mickey Lolich got his 12th victory and Bill Slayback made an impressive major league debut. Called up from Toledo, Slayback had a no-hitter into the eighth inning against the Yankees. John Calison broke it up with a line-drive single, but the rookie went on to win 4-3 with relief help. Later in the week, Willie Harrison's poor execution under a fly ball helped Slayback lose to Baltimore 3-2.

New York shifted out of reverse, ending its two-game losing streak and Orville Jim Palmer's eight-game winning streak by beating Baltimore 4-3. It was Sparky Lyle's 15th save of the season. Roy White made up for some poor glove work by beating the Indians with a ninth-inning, two-out single that drove in the game's only run.

Manager Eddie Kasko had an up-and-down week watching his Red Sox split with Milwaukee, Cleveland and Detroit. He celebrated his 41st birthday the night his club bombed the Indians 8-2, but he must have felt 20 years older when rookie pitcher Lynn McGlothlen held the Tigers scoreless eight innings, then left again in the ninth to lose 8-4.

Every left-handed pitcher there is seems able to handle Cleveland. The Brewers' John Benabio did it to bring the Indians' record against southpaws to 4-21. "By now it's all over the league," moaned Manager Ken Aspromonte. "Alex Johnson and Ray Fosse must hit the lefties," said veteran Tommi McCran. "Also, Graig Nettles must hit them for some power. We'll see lefties all year. We've got to get something from our right side." Milwaukee was playing without suspended Outfielder Billy Conighano and did not seem to mind. The Brewers beat Boston once, the Orioles twice and Cleveland three times, extending their hit streak to eight wins in nine games. The seven-game win streak is the best in the franchise's short history.

DET 26-28 BAL 35-29 NY 38-34  
BOB 27-34 CLEV 27-36 MIL 28-37

## Their finish line was C Day

Weeding the best from the excellent took weeks, and the process was painful indeed, but the result may be worthwhile: a national crew

The tall men, in shirts with the colors from a dozen different clubs and schools, trooped down the fire-clad hillside behind Dartmouth's Fuller Boat-house in twos and threes. Most of them, late survivors of the U.S. Olympic selection camp, put on their best faces to hide the tension within. At any moment Harry Parker, Harvard's firm-willed crew coach whose experience and antipathy for losing made him an obvious choice to coach the 1972 Olympic rowing team, would softly but firmly announce which oarsmen would represent the U.S. at Munich.

"Same today, same yesterday, same the day before," sighed Coxswain Bob Jaugstetter, who for weeks had felt the screw turn down tighter and tighter as the final chop day approached.

But it wasn't the same. This time Parker said, "O.K., everyone come inside." He spoke lightly, the way he had at all the camp meetings from the start, yet his voice carried a flicker of distant lightning, an imperceptible edginess.

When the oarsmen reappeared from the boat-house they looked like miners surfacing into bright daylight after a cave-in. They were white, strained,

Few said anything. "What happened in there?" someone asked.

"They began hacking up the truck," replied Coxswain Stu MacDonald tightly. Parker, MacDonald meant to say, was getting closer to the final scratching out of names. The able and the lucky would soon become Olympians. They would be known forever as the first national team in U.S. rowing history.

For three weeks Parker and his assistant coaches—Pete Gardner of Dartmouth, Dick Erickson of Washington, Hugh Foley of Boston University—had motored endlessly up and down the mirrorlike Connecticut River searching for the strongest oarsmen, those who were psychologically attuned to the pain and the pleasure of winning races and who believed, man for man, they were better than any American, or East German, or Russian or New Zealander.

"In our sport it's like dominoes," explained ex-MIT Coach Jack Frailey. "If there's a weak link, when he unloads, seven other guys must pick up the load. Then the next weakest link, who might have made it if he didn't have to pick up for anybody, pulls a little extra and he collapses and six guys

get it. Boom! Boom! Boom! There go the dominoes."

When the initial group of 53 candidates arrived in camp early in June, the coaches felt that filtering the serious oarsmen from the wishful would be a fairly speedy process. First, they would use the ergometer, a cruel rowing machine built of ugly arms and legs and handles and wheels. If a man could do a respectable six-minute session on the ergo, not to be confused with such civilized machines as Exercycles, he at least would show he had done his training homework. "You can make a high score on the ergo and not move a boat," one coach explained, "but you can't score low on the ergo and make a boat move."

After the ergos came the seat races. Candidates rowed in four-oared shells, two boats to a race, at least four races to a session with precious little time in between. The idea was to shift candidates around until the individual winners became obvious. When an oarsman regularly appeared in winning boats, it was assumed that he was a good one.

But the weeding process turned out to be tougher than any one had bargained for, blooming oarsmen far outnumbered weeds. In the end the coaches found themselves cutting the squad by half a dozen at a time rather than the 12 or 18 they had envisioned. They stayed up long into the night reviewing each day's results and trying to plan the next day's combinations. By the third week of June the number of empty rooms at Dartmouth's Woodbury Hall, where the oarsmen bunked, was mounting.

Routinely, Parker hung a roster list

continued



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ing the next day's crews at the Fuller Boathouse. Its meaning was clear: if a man's name was missing he got a bus ticket out of town, if he was listed he rowed another day. Cuts continued, and the tension grew as restless oarsmen began to beg Parker to make a final decision. But Parker would not be hurried.

The permutations inherent in selecting the best rowers to fit eight positions, each with its own requirement, were almost endless. In particular, as the trials went on, the coaches searched for an Olympic-caliber stroke. None emerged. Superb strokes, like maestros, are long remembered in rowing circles. Parker described the attributes his committee of coaches sought. "He must establish the kind of rhythm the crew will be able to row in comfort, and be able to sustain power under pressure in a hard race without always worrying about the crew's swing, so they're able to race at ease and concentrate on rowing hard." In other words the stroke must know his and the crew's limitations.

The coaches soon found their own limitations. Although they had several stroke candidates in view, the best of all might beverses. He was Calvin Coffey, who was stroking Northeastern's eight to second place at Henley in England. Going into the fourth of July weekend, this was the one position undecided.

The No. 1 man, who rows in the bow at the opposite end of the boat from the stroke, requires almost the same qualities as the stroke, but instead of leading he follows. He should be tough enough to come through with everything the stroke demands. Between the two of them on the men in the boiler room, the middle-of-the-road oarsmen. What the two do, the boiler room must do, and what speed the boat can make depends on the middlemen's power.

There are nuances of differences in the requirements among the middlemen, but like the stroke and bowman all must know they can row the last 500 meters of a 2,000-meter Olympic course as hard as they rowed the first 500. All eight men, particularly in the Olympics, must be willing to watch their legs turn blue from strain, and accept the tortured breathing of a devastating race.

Last Saturday turned out to be C Day, final cut day, and the oarsmen who had survived the weeks of elimination dribbled in from the practice course on the Connecticut, seemingly aware of their



NATIONAL COACH HARRY PARKER USES HIS HARVARD MEGAPHONE TO URGE ON CREWS

fate. Some carried the shells on their shoulders lightly, others sagged beneath the load. One despondent rower sat down outside the boathouse and stared accusingly at his right hand as if all his troubles lay in its palm. Much later, after everyone had gone, he was still there.

Parker's list made it official; although four last-ditch cuts remained, 17 oarsmen and three coxswains had been picked. All but one have international rowing experience. Apart from Coxswains MacDonald, Paul Hoffman and Dwight Phillips, one of whom will still have to be cut, the team averages 6'2" in height, weighs 190 pounds and is 23 years old. Remarkably, it includes two sets of brothers, Fritz Hobbs from Concord, Mass., a 1969 graduate in American history from Harvard and veteran of Harvard's 1968 Olympic eight, and his younger brother Bill, who graduated from Harvard with a law *honors* degree in applied math and who was in a small boat at Mexico. The other brothers were Cleve and Mike Livingston, also Harvard, also Mexico Olympians. In all nine Harvard men made the team, a fact that does not embarrass Parker, who had coached them. "When I first got into this thing," he said, "I decided that while I was going to make every effort not to be prejudiced in their favor, I also wasn't going to hurt them just because I happened to coach them once. There was no reason they had to be

penalized. They earned their way here."

The others chosen range from a tree surgeon, Pete Raymond of Princeton, to some graduate students, an admissions director at Middlesex School, a teacher and several who list themselves as unemployed. Olympic rowing being considerable employment in itself. The University of Pennsylvania, which won the IRA, is represented only by Gene Clapp. Washington placed five men on the squad, Princeton and Wisconsin two each, Georgetown one.

Because the rowers are strangers and will have so little time to train as a unit, there is a question as to whether the national team system will work, in the past the U.S. simply sent its fittest college or club crew intact. Only the Olympic representatives will answer the question. After a couple of weeks of practice in this country, Parker plans to take the team overseas for seasoning in selected European regattas. After that he may give the crew members a taste of high-altitude training in Switzerland to build their stamina.

"In my more optimistic moments I think we're going to be real fast," says Parker. "But when I'm not feeling so good, I think we'll struggle to do anything. In the end I suppose it comes down to what Larry Gluckman [an international oarsman] once said. 'If you believe in rowing you have to believe in the U.S. team.'"

END

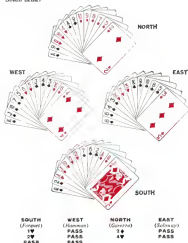


## Try your hand at beating the Blues

**T**wo weeks ago in the World Team Olympiad (SI, July 3) the vaunted Italian Blue Team trounced the Dallas-based Aces in matchless fashion. Matchless, but not quite flawless, as this deal, which may offer comfort to the less expert player, will attest. To appreciate declarer's problem, cover the East-West cards in the diagram.

The play of the four-heart contract required more than 10 minutes and many of the 500 spectators watching Pietro Forquet (the declarer) and Benito Garozzo for the Blues and Aces Bob Hamman and Paul Soloway via closed-circuit television and Vu-Graph wondered what was taking Forquet so long. Initially, of course, there was the question of what to do on the first trick. Forquet carefully counted the teeth of what he suspected might be a Trojan horse but finally decided to duck the spade 10 in dummy.

*East-West vulnerable  
South dealer*



*Opening lead: 10 of spades*

East played low and the queen won. If you still have your thumbs over the East-West cards, how would you plan your play to make four hearts? I'll give you a hint: the next move is crucial, and the fact that the wrong choice might succeed brings you no accolades.

Because they could see all 52 cards on the Vu-Graph screen, the nonexperts in the audience could find the way to make the game with little difficulty. Mentally, they crossed to the ace of spades, led the queen of hearts for a successful finesse and continued trumps, picking up East's king. Next would come the ace and jack of diamonds, and if West was unwary enough to duck, they would lead a third round of diamonds to force out the king. Then with dummy's ace of clubs as an entry to the good diamonds, they would make six! Even if West did not duck the diamond jack but won and knocked out dummy's ace of clubs, they would still lose only two clubs and a diamond trick to bring home the game.

The glorious success of this line of play was duly noted by the commentators. They did not fail to point out, however, that Olympians of bridge envision subtle hazards in hands like this and therefore often have far more trouble than mere mortals. The fear that haunted Forquet was: What would happen if he crossed to dummy with the spade ace, finessed the heart queen and won that trick, then repeated the finesse and West now produced the king of hearts and shifted to a club, knocking out dummy's side entry to the diamonds?

Forquet's eventual decision was to cash the ace of hearts and lead low to dummy's queen. Soloway, whose card play for the Aces was brilliant throughout, thereupon won the king of hearts and returned the king of clubs, which, after another long trance, Forquet allowed him to hold. Soloway then conducted his own protracted self-conference, during which the commentators erroneously decided that a club continuation was essential. Actually, a spade would have done as well, but Soloway did come up with a club return and the contract was doomed.

Forquet won with dummy's ace and had no better choice than to finesse in diamonds. Hamman took his king and it did not matter whether he returned a diamond or a club. As it happened, he gave his partner a diamond ruff at once, but even if he had returned a club, Forquet would have had to ruff in dummy and lead a diamond himself, giving East his ruff anyway.

Did you make the correct play that Forquet missed at trick two? Leading a low heart first—not the ace—works

*continued*



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against all defenses. Even if Soloway ducks, declarer makes his game without taking the heart finesse by cashing the club ace, conceding a club and ruffing his third club in dummy. Regardless of what the defenders choose to do at any stage, declarer can find a counter that will insure against the loss of more than three tricks.

Is it hard to believe that superior players can fail? Well, Bobby Goldman, the declarer for the Aces in the Closed Room, found a different way to go down at the same contract. After a club lead, he took the heart finesse and refused to believe his good fortune. In the ensuing tangle he, too, succumbed to a diamond ruff. Much excitement, but no point swing.

In the main, my pre-Olympiad predictions (SI, June 5 and 12) held up well, but my crystal ball appears to have been cooled over in two spots. One concealed the unexpected strength of the French. Their fourth-place finish seemed the result of hot-potato handling; yet when the Nationalist Chinese, still in contention going into the final qualifying round, ended in a "you take it, we don't want it" manner, the French were in a position to accept. Chalk it up to the steadiness of an experienced anchor pair, Claude Delmouly and Gerard Bouchetoff, and to the brilliance of young Michel Lebel, whom some consider to be the best young French player today.

The second and major flaw in my crystal was revealed when the Italian signoras proved that they, too, share the mastery of hodge Italian style. Tournament Director Harold Franklin rates Anna Valenti as the leading woman bridge player in Europe, if not the world, and she and her co-stars, all present European women's champions, had no difficulty in taking the women's Olympiad title. All hopes for my home team selection, the U.S. women, vanished when they howed to Italy 16 victory points to four in a match that drove our girls deep into third place. They finished there, behind South Africa. Why? It may have been the result of an overconfidence that made it seem unnecessary for our women to practice as a team.

For the rest, the Olympiad was largely a social affair. Brazil, winner of the South American championships, had the satisfaction of finishing ahead of all other Latin American entries. And for two others, there was the struggle to avoid

the wooden spoon—a dingdong battle of midgets involving the Netherlands Antilles and the Bahamas, who met in the penultimate round tied for last place. The Dutch colonials had scouted their rivals during the previous round, sending observers to make notes as Peru blitzed the Bahamas. The research paid off. They beat the Bahamas 18-2 to escape the ignominy of finishing at the bottom of the heap.

Could the Aces ever beat the Blue Team? In Miami Beach, the Blues, especially when they used Giorgio Belladonna-Walter Avarelli and Pietro Forquet-Benito Garozzo (Mamma d'Alelio and Camillo Pavesi Tecci sat out all but 16 of the final 88 deals), rarely gave the Aces an opening. Their bidding judgment—even in the spots Garozzo picked to overbid—was superb. And their opening leads repeatedly torpedoed enemy contracts. But in most other respects, the Aces were their equal. The newest and youngest Ace, Paul Soloway, appears to have settled into a fine partnership with Robert Hamman. Bobby Wolff and Jim Jacoby, though they had some early slam disasters, are sound mainstays for the team. Bobby Goldman and Mike Lawrence produced a brilliant performance in the only session that saw the Aces outscore the Blues. Then, when it looked like the tide might be turning, the Blues regained command. In a game that is falling more and more into younger hands, the invincible Italians were much too strong for a team they were spotting some 16 years.

Unfortunately, the Aces may never get a chance to prove themselves. The Blues seem to really mean it when they say they have made their last appearance as a team. No doubt one or two of the old Blues will appear against the defending champion Aces in the 1973 Bermuda Bowl, which Italy earned the right to vie for by winning the European championship in Athens last year. The team at Athens included Belladonna and Garozzo, who have continued to play on their own. Together, I would rate them the greatest pair in the world today. But even if they do not play as partners in 1973, any team that can field two such awesome performers—and this is the big psychological edge Italy holds against every opponent—must be seriously regarded. The Blue Team may be retired, but the mystique is going to live on and on.

END

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East Coast at a strutters' ball



LEON BROWN STRIKES A WINNING POSE

Outside the auditorium, or Pavilion, as it's called, it is a gorgeous Sunday afternoon at the Mountain Park amusement center in Holyoke, Mass. A roller coaster clatters up and down a wooden trestle. Children fly around in little whirly things that look like boats with wings. There are clam bars, pizza stands, dart throws, cotton-candy booths, a commando machine-gun stall. The sky is raucous blue, the sun is hot and a lot of people are laughing. Outside Mountain Park, on all sides, stretches Holyoke suburbia, big homes and fine lawns that make the place feel mischievous and isolated, an island of gaudy in the midst of all that yawning green. Especially today. Today in the Pavilion a body contest is going on, a "Festival of Flesh"—maybe the gaudiest of all sporting events and strange as a llama race to the average suburban fan. Leon Brown, who works in a laundry in New York, is in there posing for the 1972 Mr. East Coast title.

Following the din that greeted his high-chested glide onstage, there is a total hush over the 1,200 assembled. He stands in the center of the stage, illuminated by a single spot, alone atop the leopard-skin posing dais. He shifts. He fixes his eyes somewhere at the back of the huge auditorium and slides into his first pose to a pandemonium of shrieks and applause. Brown's mouth stays a little ajar, his eyes are flat, concentrating; he looks like somebody might be teaching him canasta. He shows the judges his breathtakingly graceful legs (you could lose a dime in the separations between the almond-shaped muscles of each frontal thigh, the gastrocnemius muscles of the calves bulge like upside-down hearts). Then he pivots on one foot like a dancer, jiggles the muscles tense and finds a back pose. It's dynamite: trapezius, deltoid, infraspinatus, the flaring latissimus dorsi—all the work-horse muscles of the back gleam like oiled chocolate in delineated, organized mounds above his glare-blue posing trunks. The response from the crowd is mighty near hysterical. Brown holds the pose and holds it. It is one of his best and he holds it until the muscles begin to quiver from the strain; then he flows down the line of the pose into a "side shot," left wrist clutched by the right

hand behind his back, pectoral muscles of the chest round and dense as grapefruit at the top of the long concave curve of his rib cage. He turns his stiffened, flexed left arm in front of the judges, laying all three heads of his triceps brachii on them. It's too much. The shouts thicken into moans. "Oh my God," says a man near the front. "omigod, omigod." Brown has them panned and he knows it. Watching him finish his routine is akin to watching a hawk plunder a rabbit in an open field, a clean swooping. There's no necessity for fancy moves.

Body building as a competitive sport never has had the national sanction or interest that its participants think it deserves. To most Americans, it just seems so *weird*, all those huge people, who seem to resemble ordinary men the way a tattoo does a birthmark, posing and flexing up there in those little skimpo shorts. Unflattering myths develop—that they are all musclebound, coordinatively helpless lumps (body builders who are good at other sports are really the rule rather than the exception); that they will slide to fat the moment they stop all that unnatural exercise (only if they keep on eating as much); and that they are all homosexual anyway (you try telling them that one)—and our collective imagination pictures dark, fleshy exhibitions in seedy Y's and high school gyms full of wine-drunk voyeurs.

It isn't really like that, but body building itself hasn't done much to clarify the image. For years the sport has been too vexed and mired by internecine skirmishes between its two competition-sponsoring organizations, the AAU and the International Federation of Body Builders, to worry about many of its larger problems.

Ed Jubinville is the promoter and emcee of the Mr. East Coast Contest, an IFBB event. He also has held the title of World's Greatest Muscle Control Artist for 25 years. He can make his muscles dance like no other man in the sport. Jubinville has put on 43 contests at Mountain Park. The Mr. East Coast is not one of the most important annual events—not in the same league, say, with the Universe, or America, or World—but it always is a classy competition and some big dudes are on hand. Mike Katz

(the 1970 IFBB Mr. America, Mr. Northeast, Mr. International, etc.), who ranks among the top four or five body builders in the country, world, universe right now, won it two years ago. He is a judge this time. Gordon Babb (best back, Mr. America) is in the audience, and so are Warren Fredericks, often called the Human Anatomy Chart, and 1969 Mr. World Tony Carroll, who is giving out catalogs for his Muscle Hugger Torso Shorts.

Before anything begins onstage at a body contest, the audience always knows who is there. You spot them as they walk in. Body builders are often individualistic to the point of kinkiness, and they have a way of standing out. As Mike Katz says, they are the only athletes whose sport you can tell by looking at them. It's not just their size that accounts for this, or even their fabulous proportions (Katz' chest is 58 inches and his waist is 31, a difference of 27 inches as compared to the average of seven or eight; his biceps is 21 inches around, about the size of a small woman's waist). It has more to do with an odd variety of self-consciousness, a highly developed esthetic sense of self that comes from having more or less the same relationship to your own body that an artist does to his artwork. A body builder's body is the product of what he does, and when he walks around he is not just getting from one place to another, he is exhibiting the results of his labor. (For Mike Katz to get those mind-boggling pectoral muscles that push his chest out so far he can balance a glass of water on it, he has pumped iron four hours a day for 10 years.) So generally he doesn't walk at all, he struts, putting it all out front, chest high, arms bowed slightly away from the body to show the spread of his laterals. It is a wonderful movement. It makes you realize that, as Katz says, "Most people walk around looking like pieces of junk."

The Mountain Park Pavilion is about 150 feet long and shaped like a barn. Beams studded with light bulbs traverse the domed ceiling. The audience sits shoulder to beefy shoulder in rows of connected wooden chairs. They are animated, noisy and big, these fans, maybe in the same vacuous way that a lot of hockey fans are mean. To the left of

continued



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the stage is the warmup room or "pit," where the builders prepare for competition, anointing their shaved bodies with baby oil to bring out highlights under the spot and "pumping-up," blurring the muscles with dumbbell and tension exercises that oxygenate and swell them and bring the veins closer to the skin. Veins are very important here. Behind the screen the 22 builders getting in last minute pull-ups, triceps presses, flyes and curls, mutter and shuffle like cattle in a boxcar. They have been divided into three height classes, those under 5'7", those over 5'9" and those in between. There will be five trophies for each class, plus overall awards for Best Poser, Most Muscular and, of course, Mr. East Coast.

Ed Juhnville announces the shorts. They line onstage from the pit and stand facing the audience, arms hewed, chests out, under the full glare of the house-lights. There are eight of them, ranging in size from Kennedy Gomer, a slender, wistfully smiling guy, to Buddy Landis, who is as heavily muscled as a water buffalo, but even the most untrained eye can pick out the class: it's the sixth man in line, Leon Brown. The others might as well have stayed behind the screen.

From their table at the foot of the stage, Katz and the other judges gaze up at the shorts. Officially they are looking for three things: general appearance, symmetry and muscularity. But what they actually appraise is how big the muscles are, how well proportioned and how clearly each muscle group is defined, or "cut," from the ones around it. Juhnville has the shorts make four quarter turns to the right, pausing between each to give the judges a shot of both sides and the back. Then he sends them off and brings them back one at a time for 15- to three-minute individual posing routines under the spot.

It is in these routines that body contests are won and lost, and where the peculiar essence of the sport best manifests itself. Good posing is partly a technical matter of knowing how to exhibit your strong points and obscure any weak ones, but beyond that it is an ability like diving or hitting a baseball that depends on

intuitive resources of timing and coordination. If it is done as Leon Brown does it during the couple of minutes he occupies the dais, with perfect dignity and finish, there is nothing ridiculous or even remotely embarrassing about it. Suddenly it is no longer a greased, nearly naked man you are watching, but a clean, hard geometry of circles and curves. Even Brown seems detached from what he is: looking down at his flexed biceps, his face shows no recognition of the flesh. He seems to be looking at just an arrangement of stresses.

There is no competition for Brown in the mediums, a fact that disappoints the crowd. They cheer only perfunctorily. But three of the tallies are huge, and as soon as the group comes out the crowd senses there may be a real contest for Mr. East Coast after all. Bob Klez, Errol Kattarow and Ray Delaney each sport a lot of bulk. Klez lingers on the dais, taking his time over mostly chest and stomach poses. He is bearded and has tattooed dragons on each calf that writhe whenever he flexes his legs. Kattarow, who probably has the best back in the contest, keeps it up in front of the judges. His positions are long-lined and dramatic, and whenever he does turn

around he looks as if he is engaged in some kind of fierce prayer. It is Delaney who seems the greatest threat. He is massive. His skin is paler than anybody else's, and he has no mixed iodine in his baby oil to darken it. His body looks like a gigantic piece of carved candle wax, and the classic, sculptural poses he puts it through are effective.

But sometime during his routine (or maybe later, in the pose-off he has with Klez for first in their class) it becomes clear that Delaney, even with his beer-keg chest and arms that look like they are slugged full of sausage, cannot do it. Nor Klez, nor Kattarow. That all the bulk on the East Coast is not going to do it today against Leon Brown's fearful symmetry. For the two or three minutes while he was stretching out that back pose and turning that triceps in front of the judges, Brown had managed to do what body building is all about: to make a form of sport and a form of art merge momentarily in the sure exhibition of a body trained as far as the muscles will allow, pushed against the natural inertia of tissue into its final form. Before the first trophy is handed out the crowd is shouting, "Leon, Leon."

He swept it. He won Mr. East Coast, his class, Most Muscular and Best Poser. With each new trophy Leon made a little bow, expressionless still, and threw the raving crowd a new pose. They did not stop yelling for a long time, those 1,200 big people, and the carnival atmosphere that body contests always create took a long time to blow off.

A number of people even stayed in their chairs to wait for Brown, Klez, Delaney and the others to leave after they had showered. Eyes moving from left to right, they watched each of them strut out into the park in that odd, high-chested way. A lot of mouths were pursed, and it was easy to believe that some of those people might be wondering about the same urge that Karl Shapiro muses on in *The Leg*:

*The flesh, what is it, Father,  
but a sign  
To love the force that grows us,  
to give back  
What in Thy path is senseless  
news and want?* **END**



AN EXHIBITION OF HIS SCULPTURE BY RAY DELANEY

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There was supposed to be a *first Annual Sandy Neck Bottom-Fishing Derby* but it never got off the ground, if you can put it that way. The reason why we never had the first one was because the preliminary planning stage got way out of control.

The four of us were sitting around on one of those long July afternoons you have on the Cape when the sun never seems to move and somebody said, "You know what? Instead of just sit-

ting here, we ought to have a fishing contest." There was no response. On Sandy Neck nobody moves very much, and when they do it is not very fast.

Sandy Neck is a peninsula that comes out on the bay side of the Cape just before you get to Barnstable. There is no electricity, you have to pump your own water and there are only three telephones. The only time any of the men who vacation out there will move is when they run out of cigarettes, beer or li-

## Bottoms Up to





quor. The wives go to town once a week to shop, but the men mostly sit around and look at the bay or read the Boston papers, if you can believe anyone would do that.

Well, that's what we were doing, sitting around looking at the bay and reading the Boston papers when I suggested a fishing contest. I have to admit it was my idea, but now nobody else remembers whose idea it was and that is probably a good thing. A whole mythology has

grown up around the contest we finally had and considering what happened to me in the end, I wouldn't want anyone to know that I was responsible.

The reason I suggested the contest in the first place was because I had always considered myself a pretty fair handliner. I was born and brought up on the coast of Maine and I was catching pollack and cunners and cod when I was five. My grandfather used to hold on to my hand to show me when to jerk the line,

because knowing how deep to have the bait and when to jerk the line are the secrets. I have to admit that I was sure I could take just about anybody in bottom fishing and my suggestion was really a sort of hustle: I'd get them all out there with some money at stake and I'd clean up. There are pool hustlers and bridge hustlers and even arm-wrestling hustlers, but I considered myself pretty unique being a bottom-fishing hustler. The more I thought about it, *continued*

# the Bottom-Fishing Hustle

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*Axiom: a smart con man, even with a sure thing, never mixes martinis with the salt air on a summer's day at Sandy Neck. This is the tale of a chastened chap who will drink heartily to that*

**by George U. Packard**

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## Bottoms-Up

continued

the better it looked. Quick-finger George, the master of the handline. I started to get a legendary feeling about myself. So I brought it up again.

"You know, that's what we ought to do."

And somebody said, "What?"

"Have a bottom-fishing contest, with cash prizes." And Don said, "What we really ought to have is a pitcher of martinis," and everybody stopped looking at the bay and agreed. On Sandy Neck you can't get any agreement on welfare or foreign policy or the space program, but mention a pitcher of martinis and everybody is on the same side.

I didn't press my idea because I was working out the master plan in my head and I figured I would spring it after everybody had a few. You know, I'd just ease it into the conversation when the time was right.

The pitcher was three-quarters gone when I casually said, "Any of you ever do any bottom fishing?" Bert said, "Sure, plenty of it. There's nothing to bottom fishing."

"I mean *serious* bottom fishing."

"What the hell is serious bottom fishing?" Don said. "You just throw

the line over and pull the fish in."

"That's not exactly what I had in mind," I said, thinking that if I had a thin, pencil-line mustache it would go with my smile. "What I mean is I wonder if there's anybody here who thinks he's any good at it," and then there was silence. The gauntlet was down, I thought, and I waited for it to be picked up.

Bert poured himself another martini, but it was Mel who made the reach. I had set him four tricks doubled and vulnerable the night before and he still hadn't forgotten it.

"For money," he said, "I can fish rings around anybody in the boat."

Bert sort of gargled his martini and then he laughed. "I wouldn't be any too sure about that," he said. "What sort of money did you have in mind?"

And we were under way, or I thought we were under way. As it turned out, we weren't.

Don decided that if we were going to do any planning about serious bottom fishing we needed another pitcher of martinis and he went and got it. We all hunched up around the table with the pitcher in the middle and started working on the plan. Don said that we were going to make this an annual affair and he said we'd call it the First Annual Sandy Neck Bottom-Fishing Derby.

The planning went on—and on. The wives had dinner by themselves because none of us wanted to interrupt what we were doing. I'm not too sure what we were doing because we were into the fourth pitcher of martinis and there was a lot of discussion about how many lines you could use and how many hooks and if everybody had to use the same kind of bait. Then Bert got started on the subject that ended the First Annual Sandy Neck Bottom-Fishing Derby before we even had it.

"Dogfish don't count," he said.

"The hell they don't," Don said. "They're fish, aren't they? Anything that swims around out there is a fish. They count."

"I'm not so sure dogfish are a fish," Mel said.



"Then why do you call them dogfish?" I said, figuring that ought to resolve it pretty well. I had this feeling of calm clarity in my head as if I could resolve anything for anyone.

"I don't know why they call them that," Mel said, "but one thing's for sure. They're not a dog. Anyone can see that." And I thought that Mel was resolving pretty well himself. I was going to ask if they're not a dog and they're not a fish, what are they, but Don said, "They look a lot more like a fish than they do like a dog."

"Well, a clam and an octopus are the same thing—mollusks," Bert said, "and they don't look alike."

We thought about that for a while and somebody said that there were a lot of strange things in the ocean and somebody else said that it covered seven-tenths of the earth's surface. Later we got back to the dogfish and Don said that when I got around to chronicling it all for unborn generations of Sandy Neck bottom fishers I should refer to this phase as the Great Dogfish Controversy.

So we sat there, two for dogfish and two against; and all of a sudden I was in bed and it was the next day. Actually, it was the next afternoon, and I spent the rest of it wandering around the house with a glass of tomato juice in my hand. My wife had that look she gets when I tell the wrong kind of joke to her mother, and whenever I would walk into the same room she was in she would be just leaving.

Later I went out and there were Bert and Mel and Don sitting in the same places looking at the bay—as though they had not moved since yesterday.

"Well, now that we've got it all thought out, what do you think of my idea?" I said.

"I think it's dangerous," Bert said.

"What could possibly be dangerous about it?" I said.

"If the contest is anything like the planning I don't know if I can stand it."

"It was the dogfish's fault," Mel said.

"That's what caused all the trouble."

"I've changed my mind about that," I said.

"Which side are you on now?" Mel asked.

"Which side was I on last night?"

"You were against the dogfish," Mel said.

"Then I'm for them now. Dogfish count the same as any other," and right there I made one of the great mistakes of my life.

After we resolved the Dogfish Controversy we decided on the rule that saved the contest. No more martinis, only beer, and Bert went and got four cold cans of it.

"I think we ought to start all over again now that we know what went wrong," Don said.

"We're going to have to," said Bert. "I can't remember what we decided."

"O.K., then," Don said. "We'll give up on the First Sandy Neck Bottom-Fishing Derby. Let's get started on the Second."

The Second Annual Sandy Neck Bottom-Fishing Derby was a much bigger success than the first one and everyone remembers it, but I still have a sort of misty fondness for the first one and I wonder what it would have been like if we had ever had it.

We decided right away that we were going to have to be more formal and Bert got some paper and we wrote everything down. There was going to be a Derby Committee and I was appointed chairman. Bert was vice-chairman and Don was the recording secretary. Mel was a contributing member. We thought for a while that we might have a Ladies' Auxiliary, but when we took a vote it was four to zero against. Everyone was going to throw five bucks into the pot and there would be three prizes. One for the first fish, one for the most and one for the biggest. I figured that with a little luck I could probably take all three. I was sure I'd get the most and pretty sure about the first. It was just the biggest that would take some luck.

There was a lot of talk about what kind of rigs were going to be permitted.

I took the purist's view that it ought to be one line and one hook per contestant. The truth is I didn't want to compete with too many variables, so I said a fishing contest was like a poker game. You should stick to stud when you play poker and one line and one hook when you fish. But I was voted down. It was going to be anything goes. You could fish as many lines and hooks and combinations as you wanted. With that rule things could get pretty complicated, but I figured I would keep to myself, as far away from the rest as possible. They would get anxious and excited and tangled and I would be calm and cool with my one line and one hook.

We had a lot of trouble deciding just where we were going to do this fishing. We had a chart of Cape Cod Bay and we spread it out on the table and everybody leaned over it. Mel wanted to know if the soundings were in feet or fathoms. I couldn't remember how many feet there were in a fathom and I started to worry a little about Mel. If he knew enough to ask that question he might know something about bottom fishing and I wondered if I shouldn't use two hooks.

We kept looking at the chart with all those little numbers on it and everyone kept talking about the depth of the water being important and the kind of bottom, but nobody could figure out what indicated the kind of bottom.

Then Mel wanted to know if anyone had a compass and no one did. The whole thing was ridiculous, he said. How could you find your way to wherever you were going if you didn't know which way to go? Don said something about always keeping the sun on your right, but then Mel wanted to know how would you know when you got there even if you were going in the right direction and that stopped everybody. I began to get the feeling that maybe the Second Annual Sandy Neck Bottom-Fishing Derby was just as doomed as the first one, so I said, "Let's plunge a knife into it."

"Do what?" Bert said.

"Sure. You just blindfold yourself, take a knife, and plunge it into the chart."

—continued—

## Bottoms-Up

continued



Wherever it hits, that's where you go. That's the way they named Duda."

"What in the hell is Duda?" Don said.

So I started to tell them all about the Dadaist movement in France when they took a French dictionary and stuck a knife into it to find a name for the movement. The three of them started to lose interest just when I was getting into my explanation so I gave up, thinking that's what comes from reading the Boston papers too much.

We were really stuck and we all sat there looking out the window at the bay. A big, dirty-looking boat was mooring out in front and we looked at that for a while and then we all had the idea at the same time.

"We'll ask Herbie," Bert said.

The guy in the boat was Herbie Lovell, the only lobsterman in Barnstable Harbor. He would take our garbage over to the mainland to dump before he went out lobstering in the morning and you could hear him out back at five o'clock. There would be a crash of metal and glass and then silence and Herbie would stand there and look at those pails full of gin bottles and empty beer cans and he'd mumble, "My God doesn't anybody around here eat?"

We watched Herbie climb out of the lobster boat and into his dory and then he started to row for the dock. He used those little short strokes that looked like you could row around the world with

them and not get tired. He moored the dory and started up the dock in his yellow slicker pants. Bert was waiting for him and they both came in and Herbie sat down.

"How about a little drink, Herb," Bert said and Herbie said, "Don't mind."

And then we waited. If you want to ask Herbie anything it takes time. You don't just go at it and ask him because there is a whole protocol that you have to go through before you can get to a direct question.

"Want some ice, Herbie?" Bert said.

"Don't need the ice," Herbie said.

Bert went and got the drink and Herbie sat there with his big hand around a jelly glass of whiskey.

"How's the lobstering?" I said. That was what you always asked. It was officially the first thing you were supposed to say.

"It's been better," he said.

"How many did you get?" Don said.

"Got 35."

That meant he got 70 or more. Herbie always tells you about half of what you want to know and you have to fill in the rest.

"How's the boat running?" Mel said.

"Pretty good now with the new clutch," he said. "That clutch cost \$250." That meant the clutch cost \$175.

It went on like that for half an hour. We talked about how they weren't spraying for gypsy moths this year and the cost of bait and how many people there were on welfare in Hyannis. Finally it got to be about time and I said, "Herbie, we're going to have a fishing contest."

"Fishing for what?" he said.

"It's a bottom-fishing contest with cash prizes."

"Oh," he said.

"And we want to know where the best place to go is."

"You fellas been out in the bay much?" he asked.

"Not much."

"Well," he said, "you just go out the channel to the bell and then to the east and tell you come to my pots."

"What do we do then?"

"You going fishing?" he said.

"Sure."

"Well, that's where you fish."

I wasn't too sure what we were going to do once we got to the bell buoy because we didn't know which way east-

and was, but I was too embarrassed to ask and so was everyone else. Herbie had finished his drink and was standing in the door looking at us.

"All four of you going?" he said.

"Us and the beer," I said.

He didn't say anything, just kept looking at us. Finally he said, "If I was you I'd make sure it was one damned calm day," and he left.

I wondered what he meant by that but I didn't worry about it. We were just about set. We knew where we were going, and if there were fish out there I was going to catch them and show everybody how someone from Maine could handle a headline.

The only thing left was to go to town to get the equipment. We all loaded into one of the boats and got to Barnstable and then we took a car and drove to Hyannis.

I figured the rest of them wouldn't know what to get and they'd probably come to me to find out. I was going to mumble something about hooks and line and sinkers and leave it at that. I wasn't going to say a thing about the size of the hooks because that's critical in this bottom-fishing business. But when we got into the sporting goods section of the store they all sort of drifted apart. Bert went over to look at golf clubs and Don was swinging a steel tennis racket. Mel had just disappeared so I went and got what I wanted and waited by the door.

Finally, Bert moved over to the fishing section looking like he was being followed. He kept glancing back over his shoulder. He leaned over the counter to talk to the salesman and from where I was it looked like he was whispering.

The other two did the same thing. They waited until there was nobody at the counter and then casually walked over and whispered to the salesman. It looked like a plot and I was afraid somebody might think we were going to rob the store.

They all finished and we walked out, everyone clutching bags. On the way to the car I asked Mel what kind of stuff he bought and he said, "Oh, just some hooks and line and sinkers."

We all went home after we got back to Sandy Neck and I didn't see anybody for the rest of the day. I fixed up my rig with a single No. 7 flounder hook and what I thought would be about the

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**Super Six**

## Bottoms-Up

continued

right weight sinker. I tied the line so I could put on sinkers or take them off fast if I had to and I had an extra package of hooks. If a fish swallowed the hook I was just going to unsnap it and put on another and leave the hook in the fish. I thought that was a pretty smart idea and that you couldn't beat a fisherman with fast hands and a brain.

After supper I walked over to Bert's house to see what was going on. Bert was sitting in a chair reading the paper and there were three handlines lying on the table all neatly wound up. He looked up and saw me and laid the paper on top of the lines.

"You all rigged up?" I said.

"All set," he said.

"I've got some extra stuff if you need anything."

"I'm O.K.," he said.

I wandered over toward the table and started to reach for the newspaper. Bert got up quick and said, "Let's go over and see how Don's doing."

"O.K.," I said. "Maybe he needs some help."

Don was sitting in the kitchen with two Coleman lanterns going full blast. The light was so bright you had to wait before you could see. Then we looked at what he was doing. The top of the kitchen table was like the bottom of a maniac's tackle box. Every fishing device known to man was on that table and they were all tangled up. Don was sitting in the middle of it all with a martini in his hand.

"I thought we banned martinis," I said.

"This is only a temporary martini," he said. "It makes me create better and I have created something." He set the glass down, reached into the tangle and started to pull something out of it. He kept pulling and everything seemed to straighten itself out and then I realized that all that stuff on the table wasn't just a mixed-up mess of tackle; it was all one giant bottom-fishing rig. He got

it all out and then he held it up for us to see.

"This," he said, "is the Da Vinci Multiple Fish-Finding Configuration. The world has never seen anything like it."

He was right about the world never having seen anything like it, and I thought that there was no fish who had ever seen anything like it either. It looked like a Calder mobile made out of hooks and lures. There was a weight hanging from the bottom like a plumb bob that must have gone at least a pound. A foot up from that there was some kind of double spreader arrangement with four different-sized flounder hooks and then an ounce-and-a-quarter Rebel plug attached to the line with monofilament and above that two mackerel jigs and finally 10 or 12 feet more of monofilament tied into the line with a spinner on the end of it.

"What are you going to catch with that?" I said. Don was smiling at the thing he was holding up.

A large red heart-shaped balloon with the word "LARK" in white capital letters floats over a rocky coastline with waves crashing against the shore. In the foreground, a pack of Lark cigarettes is shown, tilted to reveal the "LARK" brand name and "PULVER CIGARETTES". The pack also features a small illustration of a lark bird. To the right of the pack, a single cigarette is shown with the words "King and Extra Long" printed on it. Below the pack, the text "Put some more flavor in your life" is written in a large, stylized font. Underneath this, a smaller line of text reads: "Smoke from the finest tobaccos filtered through a bed of real charcoal to enrich the flavor and soften the taste." At the very bottom, in small print, it says: "King, 17 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; Lark Long, 15 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report (Aug. 71)."

**LARK**

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flavor in your life**

Smoke from the finest tobaccos filtered through a bed of  
real charcoal to enrich the flavor and soften the taste.

King, 17 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; Lark Long, 15 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report (Aug. 71).

"Who knows?" he said. "I may catch everything."

"You're sure ready for it," Bert said.

"If I get them all on at the same time I'll retire the cup," he said, and he took a sip of his martini. "This is the first step in a revolution."

"It'll never fly," I said.

But Don had that Kitty Hawk look on his face, as if he knew something no one else in the world knew.

We left then with Don still sitting there holding the Da Vinci Multiple Fish-Finding Configuration in one hand and a martini in the other. And I was thinking that with that rig in the water I'd have only Bert and Mel to beat.

We got back to my house and I was just going in to go to bed early so my reflexes would be good and Bert said, "I've got to go over to town and get Ralph."

"Who's Ralph?" I said.

"He's my brother-in-law. He's coming down for the weekend."

"He's not in the contest, is he?"

"I don't know if he'd want to," Bert said. "He's from Duluth. Are there any fish in Duluth?"

I didn't know if there were any fish in Duluth but I did know that one more guy raised the odds. I went in and went to bed but I couldn't get to sleep. I kept wondering about this guy Ralph and whether or not he was any good. Maybe he was the best bottom fisherman in Duluth and I tried to remember where Duluth was and I couldn't so I woke up my wife and asked her. She said it was Minnesota and that made me feel better for a minute, and then I thought that I didn't know any more about Minnesota than I did about Duluth so I woke my wife up again and asked her what kind of fish lived in Minnesota and she said, well, never mind.

I just lay there for a while thinking about Ralph and I heard Bert's boat coming back from the mainland so I got up and lit a cigarette and went outside and leaned against the railing of the dock. Bert moored his boat and then he and the guy Ralph came down the dock. Bert introduced me and I looked Ralph over. He was thin and white and he looked like a failed undertaker. But you never know for sure, and then Bert said that Ralph wanted to go with us because he had never been fishing in his life. I started to feel better—live more dollars in the kitty and no competition. I went to bed and dreamed about catch-

continued

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## Bottoms-Up continued

ing a flounder as big as a dinghy off the George Washington Bridge.

And then it was the next day and we were ready to go. Everyone gathered at the head of the dock, the five of us and the wives and kids, and we walked down the dock to the boat in a line. First there was Bert with a pot of cut-up clams for bait. Ralph was right behind him holding onto the railing. Then came Mel and me carrying a big zinc washtub full of ice and beer, and finally Don, with a suitcase. We asked him if he was going to spend the weekend out there and he said scoff on, ye of little faith, he was prepared.

We got everything loaded into the boat and we all got in except Don. I was sitting up in the bow on the right with Mel next to me and the other two were in the back. Then we watched Don climb into the boat. Watching Don climb into a boat is something to see because he goes about 320 and when he does something it makes an effect. He went about it very carefully and I felt the boat settle as though we had just loaded a locomotive. He was going to do the driving and he spread himself around in the stern to get comfortable and then he started the motor.

All the women and children were standing on the dock. The wives were talking and waving and the kids were arguing about who was going to win. I reached over and got a cold can of beer to get under way with, stretched my legs out and leaned back into the corner of the seat.

"Anchors aweigh," somebody yelled, and I could hear Don turn the motor up slowly so we would move off majestically. The motor got louder and then I heard one of the wives yelling at us. You couldn't hear what she was saying with the motor going full blast so I turned around. We all turned around and looked at Don. He was sitting there staring out at the horizon with the motor wide open and we were still tied to the dock.

I started to get that empty feeling in my stomach, and Don turned off the motor. We sat there for a minute and Don said, "You wouldn't go up in an airplane without testing the motor."

One of the wives untied the boat, threw in the line and we drifted away from the dock. I was sure that the next problem would be the motor not starting and I wondered if we had an oar. But



the motor did kick off and we moved away from the dock and out toward the channel. Don had one hand on the steering handle and the other in the air with two fingers up with the victory sign and I wondered which it would be, Normandy or Dunkirk.

But everything was going fine. With all that weight in the boat we were only doing about three knots and must have looked like a tug towing garbage barges out of New York Harbor. It took a long time to go out the channel and to the sea buoy but we made it, and then we stopped and had a discussion about which way was east. Nobody was sure, and it was around noon so the sun didn't help. We talked about the prevailing winds and the tides but there wasn't any wind and nobody knew what the tide was doing and then Ralph said, "I have a compass," and he was holding a Boy Scout compass in his hand. You really had to wonder what a guy from Duluth was doing carrying a Boy Scout compass around in his pocket but he was and he gave it to Don and off we went to the east. We came to Herbie's lobster buoys just like he said and when we were in the middle of them I threw the anchor over. This was it. I was fishing and ready.

There was plenty of tension in the boat while we were getting the hooks baited but none of it was coming from Ralph. He was leaning against the gunwale, trailing his hand in the water and looking down as if he could see something we couldn't.

Finally we were ready and Bert looked at his watch, said "Go," and we dropped our lines in. Actually, Bert and Mel and I dropped our lines in and Don hoisted his over like it was something on the end of a derrick. I let mine down fast until I felt the bottom and then raised it up until the sinker was two inches from the bottom. I had the line over my finger as though I was suturing in open-heart surgery and I was thinking about the fish down there. Come on, fish, come on. I kept saying to myself, I wanted that first fish. Then it would be easier with no pair showing. I couldn't lose.

But nothing happened. The only thing I felt was my sinker hanging in the water.

Twenty minutes went by and Mel had a big but lost him and nobody else had a thing. I changed hands and turned

continued



### Loyalist of the month:

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## Bottoms-Up

around and Ralph was sitting there looking at his hook.

"How much bait do you put on?" he said.

"As much as you want to," I said. I wasn't going to tell him that too much bait was fatal when you're bottom-fishing. He put on a clump about the size of an order of Howard Johnson's fried clams and dropped his sinker over the side. He let out about 20 feet of line and stopped. I smiled to myself. We were in 40 feet of water and he wasn't going to do much, hanging there a third of the way down.

Then I got a bite, a good one, set the hook and started him up hand over hand keeping the line taut as hell. He was heavy and he didn't come fast and I knew he was big. I was going to get the biggest and the first at the same time. Then I could see a brown thing down there in the water and I had him up to the boat. It was a medium-sized flounder and I had foul-hooked him in the tail. That was why he came up heavy. I tried to be careful, but as I lifted him the hook slid out of his tail and he flopped back into the water. I thought about going in after him, but then he gave a twitch and was gone. "Jesus," I said.

"He was no fisherman, either," Bert said. "It was his friend who was the fisherman."

I didn't pay any attention to Bert. I checked my bait and started to let my

line out again, and before it got to the bottom I heard Ralph say, "There's something pulling on my line," and I thought to myself, not him, please, anybody but him, Mel or Don or Bert but not some guy who thought salt water was for gargling. But he had one on all right and he didn't even bother to pull the line in. He just let the fish swim around down there and leaned over the side to look through 20 feet of water. Finally he did start to retrieve. There was a thrashing and hanging on the side of the boat and Ralph said, "My God, it's a shark."

It wasn't really. It was a three-foot dogfish and we all watched Ralph leave it in over the side. It was a shame how little he knew about fishing. When he was bringing in the line he kept bunching it up in his hand and throwing piles of it on the bottom of the boat. It was a mess before he even got the fish in, and then he dropped the dogfish on top of the line and it went crazy, jumping and twisting around and around. When it finally got quiet, it looked like the fish had been caught by a sewing machine. I looked to see where the hook was and sure enough the dogfish had swallowed it right up to the swirl. With his line the way it was and that hook in the dogfish's stomach, good old Ralph was through for the day. He'd gotten the first and maybe the biggest, but I was sure going to get the most.

And I did. I really went in it then, and I got my flounders, three cunners and a stringer in the next half hour. Nobody else was even close. Mel had a couple of fish, Bert had one and Don said he hadn't even had a bite. I asked Bert how much time was left and he said another half hour, so I opened a beer and shifted the line to my left hand. Mel got a good-sized cod but it wasn't as big as Ralph's dogfish and I got one more flounder, left-handed, and then the time was up and the Derby was over. We all pulled our lines in and wrapped them up, and when Don hoisted his device over the side one of his hooks held the smallest cunner I had ever seen. It was also the tinniest fish I had ever seen. It just lay in the bottom of the boat gasping from trying to pull that one-pound sinker around.

We started back in and I wasn't feeling too bad. I'd won a third of the money and it was just beginner's luck that I hadn't got another third. Whoever catches the most fish is the best fisherman anyway, I thought.

We came into the dock and everybody ran down and stood around while we unloaded. I had my fish all neat on a stringer I had made out of a piece of line and I held them up for everybody to see and my wife and kids to cheer. The provider home from the sea, I thought, and I had a quiet smile on my face.

Everybody was out of the boat except Ralph. He was still sitting there looking down at his dogfish. Then he said, "The miracle of birth." I wondered what he was talking about and we all gathered around and looked into the boat. The bottom of the boat was covered with fish, one big one and a pile of little ones about five inches long. It didn't take much to figure out what had happened.

I was going to argue. It wasn't as if he had really caught all these fish. It had just happened and he didn't deserve it, but then I looked at Don and Bert and Mel and they all had a hard-with-his-own-peasid look, and I gave it up.

Old Ralph had won it all, the first, the biggest and the most. I gave my stringer of fish to one of the kids to carry and I walked up the long dock, and all I could think of was that when you're hustling, watch out for guys from Duluth.

END



# Mama taught me it takes more than a towel to really get dry.

It's hard to imagine, but Harmon Killebrew was once a tiny little baby. After his bath, his mother would sprinkle JOHNSON'S Baby Powder all over his little body. That pure white powder would help dry up the moisture his towel left behind,

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## It's never too late to switch.

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## 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE

# THE READERS TAKE OVER

### VICTORY AT PEBBLE

Sirs:

Congratulations on a well-written article about a man who conquered the uncontrollable elements of wind, sand and ocean and the controllable elements of pressure from fellow golf giants Lee Trevino and Arnold Palmer to win the most challenging and delightful-to-watch U.S. Open of the decade (*The Golfers' Quest*, June 26).

As a loyal fan of Jack Nicklaus, I see him as a man who is potentially the greatest golfer ever to swing a club. I also see him as a man of well-earned wealth who is very unpretentious, a man who has survived the present corrosion of many of our values and who, at least from all outward appearances, is a happy man concerned and interested in his family. If anyone deserves to win the "quadruple crown" it is Jack Nicklaus.

THE REV. ROBERT McLANEON

Manito, La.

Sirs:

I was at the tournament and was most impressed by Nicklaus' intelligent play. Jack researched the tough Pebble Beach course well. He knew all the distances that he needed to hit and also what parts of the green to hit to. Though nearly all his shots impressed me, the one that I thought best was his second shot on the 13th. After scrambling for a bogey on the 12th, he hooked his tee shot on the 13th and ended up in the middle of a dirt road approximately 150 yards from the green (as your article said, he is mortal). He studied the shot as only he can, pulled out an iron and sent the ball cleanly off the road onto the green and into magnificent position. Nicklaus is the greatest.

THOMAS GUTENBERG

Monteary, Calif.

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins' fine story on the Open makes two points with which I must take exception.

It is that the putt on 12 was the key stroke in Nicklaus' victory. No mention is made of the spectacular short-iron approach hit off the road on 13, or the great recovery from the rough on 14 after a poorly placed drive. These shots, in that gate, had to demand far more skill than an eight-foot putt. 21 that in the future the committee should erect bleachers for the spectators. So was I! We'll walk, crane and stretch. Leave Pebble Beach as it is, the most beautiful natural setting for the game on this continent. No one who attended the tournament could complain truly about the way he or she

was treated. The organization was excellent. And anyone who really wanted to see the action could. This fine course, in championship form, should be kept a natural wonder and not junked up for the sake of comfort. Watching Pebble Beach win was a great experience.

THOMAS K. ALBERTSON

La Jolla, Calif.

Sirs:

It seems a shame that Dan Jenkins cannot resist the urge to degrade those who have the audacity to compete against Nicklaus, Palmer or Trevino, or who otherwise offend him in speech, dress or manner. His unnecessary attacks have, time and again, turned for me articles by Jenkins that I enjoyed in other respects. If Jenkins feels he is pleasing the golf follower by reflecting the "nothing sacred" attitude that seems to be gaining popularity, more's the pity.

J. K. CUNY

West Hartford, Conn.

Sirs:

I congratulate Dan Jenkins for his fine job of writing. His superb article is as much an achievement as was Jack Nicklaus' victory. I pay tribute to both of them.

ALBERT V. GIOVANNI

Old Forge, Pa.

### CATCHERS

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed Ron Fimrite's article (*Two Catchers Cut From Royal Club*, June 26) dealing with Johnny Bench of the Cincinnati Reds and Maitty Sanguillen of the Pittsburgh Pirates. Everywhere I go, I hear about Johnny Bench. But as a Pirate fan located in Reds country, I have felt that Sanguillen has been slighted in the publicity department in the past. I am proud to see that SI has compared Sanguillen favorably with Bench. Both are truly excellent catchers, and if they stay healthy in the years to come, each should find his way into the Hall of Fame.

LARRY J. WASHBURN

Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

Congratulations to Ron Fimrite. His article is a salute to the leaders of major league baseball. Maybe more people will now realize the responsibility a catcher has while in a ball game. Because I am a Cincinnati fan, I think of Bench as the best. But tribute must also be paid to those other catchers who are the spark-plugs of their teams.

STEVE BARNES

Colaradeo, Colo.

Sirs:

To prove that he is also a catcher who can hit, Earl Williams of the Braves should deliver a punch in the nose to Ron Fimreite, who failed to mention that Williams won the 1971 National League Rookie of the Year award with 33 home runs and 87 RBIs. No other catcher matched that kind of power production in '71.

Though a bit behind that pace this year, Williams, always a slow starter, is a good bet to resume his slugging shortly.

DAN SCHLOSSBERG

Pasadena, N.J.

Sirs:

You mentioned some catchers who are in the "first rank," below Sanguen and Bench. However, you neglected to mention the one catcher who has the potential to be right behind your catchers cut from royal cloth. Milt May is forgotten by many because he plays behind the greatest of all, Mazzy Sanguen. May would be a regular on any other team in the major leagues, including the teams that have the catchers you labeled as first rank.

MARC GARLAND

Richland, Wash.

DAN GABLE

Sirs:

The article concerning wrestler Dan Gable (*A Kid Who Doesn't Kid Around*, June 19) was the best I have read in *SI* thus far. It was a fine tribute to a great athlete and to a largely unrecognized and underestimated sport. Herman Weiskopf showed wrestling, for what it is, a sport of strength, speed, agility and stamina, mental as well as physical.

Your article served as a great inspiration to me. I am currently wrestling on a senior high level, and I follow the routine Gable used for collegiate wrestling. I hope you will continue your articles on wrestling.

PHILIP PHILLIPS

Baltimore

Sirs:

Sports devotes the world over are ecstatic, inspired and reassured of man's capacity for extension to incredible limits by your splendid article about the phenomenal Dan Gable.

Those with a global perspective of athletics, a view which *SI* seems to espouse, are delighted not only with our nation's increasing awareness of the vital role and fault-

less language of international sports but with your recognition of those American Olympians who are frequently heroes abroad but unheralded nationally at home.

Without a dime of remuneration, the Dan Gables of the U.S. sacrifice enormously for the opportunity to enter the intensely demanding crucible of international sports competition, one of mankind's best hopes for generations of peace.

With *SI*'s evaluation of Dan Gable, the youth of the U.S., as well as its adults, can now admire and emulate a genuine, all-American superstar—a brilliant athlete and a man of honor.

BUD LINDHOLM

President

Pagoda Industries Inc.

Sinking Spring, Pa.

Sirs:

An athlete of Dan Gable's stature certainly deserves a share of recognition. Thank you for the delightful, bright and breezy feature. Let's have more stories on the smaller sports, where the athletes compete for love and only a small share of glory.

KEN SCHULMAN

Riverdale, N.Y.

continued

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## STILL SMOLDERING

Sirs:

I think Bill Gilbert did a public service by revealing part of the Smokey Bear problem (*Where There's Smokey, There's Fire*, June 12). For many years the professional forester-directed U.S. Forest Service has managed our national forests behind the image of Smokey Bear.

What is little known is that the Forest Service can well remain smug about Smokey—protected as it is by Public Law 359, popularly referred to as the Smokey Bear Act. This law provides more protection for Smokey Bear's name, and thus Forest Service policy, than the Constitution provides for the name of an American citizen. This should be indicative of how far overboard Congress has gone in turning over discretionary powers to the U.S. Forest Service.

JERRY GANDT  
President  
Wilderness Watch

Green Bay

Sirs:

Your article on Smokey was interesting, but not without error or omissions. While you credit "Southern foresters and timber-company technicians" with beginning the study of what is now known as fire ecology, major credit should go to H. H. Chapman, a Minnesota-bred Yankee and longtime professor of forest management at Yale. He was the first to recommend using fire on two of the principal Southern pine types. Later research, especially by the U.S. Forest Service, refined and modified his methods and—with the experience gained using fire on national forests—provided guides on how to burn. Today some two million acres of forest land in the South, largely in industrial holdings and national forests, are prescribe-burned each year. Back in 1964 the Forest Service prescribe-burned only 317,000 acres in national forests of the South. Nearly all of the burning was done on acreage under stands, not as a way of disposing of slash after logging as your author implied. Admittedly, slash fires apparently predominate in national forests of the West.

In some respects, we could have used your article about 30 to 40 years ago when the pros and cons of prescribed or controlled burning were being fiercely debated in forester circles. Bill Beaufort's research seems relatively recent, as does the Park Service's interest, when one considers that a U.S. Department of Agriculture bulletin co-authored in 1903 by Henry S. Graves, second chief of the Forest Service and longtime dean of the Yale School of Forestry, stated that in southern New England "... pine seeds do not germinate on a dry matting of needles and leaves. Under these circumstances reproduction is assisted by burning off the surface litter."

continued

## Steel



## WHERE IT COUNTS

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## "Mr. Dick Butkus told me to get a grown-up camera."



"Well," he says to me, "you're too big to get around with kiddie cameras."

"Man," I say, "I don't know anything about photography."

"That's why," answers Dick. "This little 15mm rangefinder camera is made for grown-ups like you."

"7-ft. grown-ups?"

"Yeah," he says, "this camera is made by the same people who make the famous Miranda Sensorex SLRs. They put all the big features of their expensive jobs into a 4½" camera that even makes color picture taking proof-proof."

"As easy as making baskets?" I say.

"Just aim and shoot," he says. "Great." I say, "If I had to live with any gadgets I'd break something."

"These Miranda cameras," he says, "have a 3 year guarantee and they cost less than \$130."

You know, I think to myself, Dick's pretty smart for a football player.

**MIRANDA  
SENSOREX**

The small camera for grown-ups

For details write Dept. 771, AIC PHOTO, INC., CARLE PLACE, N.Y. 11514

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15TH HOLE continued

In my own experience the first prescribed-burning study, testing different frequencies of fire in southern New Jersey, was started in 1936 by the state and U.S. Forest Service. Prescribed-burning as a tool of forest management received approval for use on state and private lands in that section in 1947.

Ashley Schiff, a political scientist, analyzed the light within the U.S. Forest Service using fire as a tool in his book, *Fire and Power: Southern Forests in the Forest Service*. This book, dealing largely with the 1920s and '30s, was published in 1962 10 years ago.

SUUS LITTLE, Ph.D.

Moorestown, N.J.

Sirs,

Bill Gilbert's article on Smokey Bear, to resort to the obvious cliché, misses the forest for the trees. His reportorial slant, while thoroughly researched, smacks of opportunism. His conclusion, while nicely presented, comes from a wrong hypothesis.

Smokey is a symbol of forest fire prevention. He has nothing to do with controlled burning, the latter is a scientifically based procedure, the former a conservation-minded viewpoint. And to confine the two under a punnain attack on Smokey is to invite trouble.

Remove Smokey or weaken his message by messianic articles under the flag of ecology, and you reduce the fear of the danger of fire and increase the odds of more fires like the 1970 inferno that ravaged thousands of acres here in Southern California and burned clear to the water in Malibu.

Controlled burning is not a public issue; Smokey is. Let the foresters handle their management and burning policies on the inside. And let Smokey remind us all about handling fires on the outside. That's the better course.

JOHN GERACY

Manhattan Beach, Calif.

Sirs,

Bong from the "rebellious" South I would like to make a suggestion that seems to have completely eluded the grasp of Bill Gilbert. While his article seems to make a valid point in favor of "fire ecology" (is this the right use of the word, Bill?), he forgets that Smokey tries to prevent careless, uncontrolled fire. I believe that we should let nature or forest experts start the forest fires and encourage everyone else to put out their campfires. Smokey should continue in the latter capacity.

ROBERT STEPHEN

Baton Rouge

Address editorial mail to: TONY & LITA BLDG.,  
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18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APRIL '72.

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